

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

No. 362.]

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 26, 1876.

[VOL. XV.]

A NEW ENGLAND SCENE.



YANTIC RAVINE, NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

NORWICH presents many claims to the notice of lovers of romantic beauty. Nestling among rocks, embowered in trees, surrounded by winding rivers, diversified by lofty hills and verdant valleys, it is one of the most picturesque of New England towns.

There are charming lookouts, from rocky

summits and elevated plains, upon peaceful valleys and gently-flowing rivers. There are flowery glades imprisoned by winding streams, bits of tangled woodland, scenes of picturesque beauty where rocky beds impede the water-courses, and wild ravines that arrest the attention of the admirer of the beauties

of Nature. One of these romantic ravines forms the illustration that accompanies this article. It is a well-known ravine on the river Yantic, and the artist has successfully delineated its chief features. Not far above this spot, the Yantic suddenly sweeps round in an easterly direction, plunges over a ledge

from twelve to fifteen feet in height, and finds its way over heaped-up rocky masses, through a narrow chasm between perpendicular cliffs, to the level basin below. This waterfall forms the well-known Norwich Falls, which, years ago, before a portion of the water had been diverted from its head-long plunge for manufacturing purposes, were one of the natural curiosities of this region, and attracted many visitors from the country around. It is only after a spring freshet or the breaking-up of the ice in the river that the roar of the water and the swollen mass filling the channel recall the romantic grandeur that surrounded the scene in the days of the primeval settlers. The river, after escaping from its rocky bed, quickly subsides into a placid stream, and, turning again toward the south, forms the cove that, a short distance below, unites with the Shetucket to form the Thames.

Yantic Ravine is quite near the foot of the falls. The picture is taken from a point above the rocks on the eastern or northern bank, and the spectator is looking out through the ravine upon the cove beyond, also a picturesque portion of the river. Several small islands stud the upper part of its surface, on which a profusion of wild-flowers finds an undisturbed home. One summer afternoon late in August, threading our way in a row-boat among these islets, we found them scarlet with the cardinal-flower, while the neighboring river-bank was festooned with clematis. We filled our boat with the floral treasures, and yet such was the profusion of their growth that the spoils we gathered were hardly missed.

Noteworthy as is the beauty of this bit of wild Nature with its bed of rocks, its precipitous ledge, its adornment of foliage, and its glimpse of river-scenery, the association of these localities with the Indian tribe that once found a dwelling-place among these romantic surroundings gives to it a still more noteworthy historical interest. Uncas, the last of the Mohicans, immortalized by Cooper, has left abundant memorials of himself and his tribe in the immediate neighborhood of this locality. The falls were a favorite resort of the Mohicans, and the cove, seen in the picture, was their landing-place, and the place where they kept their canoes. The precipice rising on the right is hallowed by an old tradition of bloody strife, and, as we look upon it, the Indian tragedy seems once more enacted. The Narragansetts, closely pursued by the Mohicans, come suddenly from the thick woods upon the edge of the precipice. Mingling with the sound of falling water we hear the echoes of the war-whoop, and the yells of the savage conquerors as they pursue their foes with remorseless purpose to the brink of destruction. But no merciful arm is uplifted to spare the vanquished, for victory or death is the watchword in Indian warfare, and the helpless victims with brave determination leap madly over the battlements to the sure death that awaits them on the rocks below.

The Mohicans brought the dead of royal blood to the cove to carry them to their last resting-place. For near at hand another wild ravine forms a pathway from the cove

to the Indian cemetery, its summit adjoining this sacred spot. Here Uncas is buried, a tall granite monument marking the spot where lie the remains of the haughty chief, while the rest of the royal Mohicans slumber around him, mostly in nameless graves. This smaller ravine was also a pathway to the great plain, probably the seat of an Indian sachem, a village of matted tents rising around the wigwam of the chief, and Indian cornfields waving over its surface.

These localities, made classic by Indian legends, are now choice portions of the city, and bear witness to the taste for natural beauty characteristic of the aboriginal inhabitants. The Indian cemetery remains undisturbed. It was "beaded with graves" in the days of the early settlers, and a royal scion of the tribe is still occasionally buried within the ancient limits. But the plain, once the haunt of savage life, is now a highly-cultivated and beautiful portion of Norwich. A broad, open park, surrounded by groups and columns of intertwining elm-trees, occupies a choice locality of the territory. The noble building of the Free Academy rises on the east of the park, with its grounds reaching to the woods beyond. Near by is a stately dwelling, built on the Mitchell place, the spot where "Ik Marvel" was born, and in his boyhood dreamed day-dreams, which he afterward gave to the world in "Reveries of a Bachelor." In close vicinity stands the new structure of Park Church, with its pleasing architectural proportions and graceful spire. Around the park and on the two avenues that lead to it, another portion of the Great Plain, the architectural beauty of the place congregates, and a taste, variety, and harmony, are displayed that one is never weary of admiring. A tower-crowned villa, with undulating lawn, slopes to the bank of the Yantic; an imposing mansion rises on the hillside, with lovely garden and appointments; or a vine-encircled cottage adds the element of simplicity to the more imposing structures around.

We are looking out upon a portion of the charming landscape from a picturesque cottage, built in the early English style. Its mullioned windows, quaint gables, graceful balconies, and roof of brilliant-colored tiles, are in artistic keeping. The large, semicircular "ombre," with its arches and drapery of woodbine, arrayed in brilliant hues of superb autumnal coloring, makes an out-door sitting-room, where, shaded by the trees and secluded by the lawn, it is a pleasure to dream away the hours of the September days. The grounds of the adjoining houses, not separated by fences, but thrown open with Arcadian simplicity, increase the general effect with their mounds of brilliant-leaved plants, hanging baskets, and trailing vines. Within a stone's-throw is the burial-ground of Uncas; just beyond, the ravine that forms the pathway from the cove. It is the bewitching hour just before sunset, after a day beautiful as a dream, and which now "like a dream of beauty glides away." The setting sun throws his rays over the ash-trees rising from the lawn. Hardly a breath moves the air, but the gentle breeze is sufficient to stir the leaves of pale yellow, and they descend in

showers, translucent with sunlight, glittering in shining gold. We watch the sunset, the tender sadness of the twilight, and the soft gray of evening. The trees are alive with katydids. Myriads of them find an undisturbed home among the branches of the elms, and their mournful music rouses the sleeping echoes. "The testy little dogmatists" have it all their own way; and they will keep up their discussions and pipe their shrill notes of "Katy did" and "Katy didn't" until the autumn frosts shall silence their earnest tones, and make them fold in death their pale-green wings. Later in the evening the glorious harvest-moon rises with gibbous phase, and mounts high up among the eternal stars. It casts deep shadows over the plain and over the trees; it lights the valleys, it lights the shining rivers. The Indian reminiscences, recalled from the almost forgotten past, color our fancies of the night. Under their influence dusky forms seem to rise, tall shadows flit over the green. Are they the spirits of the departed come to visit the scenes they loved so well? Do they mourn for their lost hunting-grounds, and the peaceful rivers where they launched their light canoes?

But we do not hold the key that unlocks the mysteries of spiritual life, and perhaps we are too enthusiastic in our praise of this city throned on the Thames. We invite all lovers of the beautiful in Nature to judge for themselves. Let them sail on its winding rivers, drive through its leafy avenues, look from its lofty hills upon its peaceful valleys, and enjoy with their own eyes one of its many features of romantic beauty, the Yantic Ravine. Sublimity and grandeur form no elements of this rural picture. But the hand of Nature has grouped the cliffs on either side with an exquisitely picturesque effect. The rocky carpet is diversified with soft mosses, delicate ferns grow luxuriantly in the crevices, a growth of foliage drapes and crowns the rocky sides and summits, and a placid river flows in the background. A peep beyond the tall cliff reveals a lovely cascade tumbling over precipitous ledges, whose cool plash forms the ceaseless music of this charming spot. When the golden sunshine streams softly into the gloom, flecks the foliage with changing hues, and touches with tender tints the sombre rocks, then are the restful repose and rural charm of this secluded retreat grateful to the eye and pleasant to the artistic taste.

EMMA M. CONVERSE.

GORILLA-LAND.

II.

THE first hunt, which took place the same afternoon, revealed no signs of the gorilla; but Captain Burton discovered evidence which convinced him that M. Du Chaillu's *nhigo mboure* is simply "a vulgar, nest-building ape." Having shown the hunters Du Chaillu's picture of the *nhigo's* cottage, with its neat, umbrella-like roof, they burst out laughing, and, taking him to a tall tree, pointed out one of the so-called "houses." "I saw, to my surprise, two heaps of dried sticks, which

a schoolboy might have taken for birds'-nests; the rude beds, boughs torn off from the tree, not gathered, were built in forks, one ten and the other twenty feet above the ground, and both were canopied by the tufted tops. Every hunter consulted upon the subject ridiculed the branchy roof tied with vines, and declared that the *ncchigo's* industry is confined to a place for sitting, not for shelter; that he fashions no other dwelling; that a couple generally occupies the same or some neighboring tree, each sitting upon its own nest; that the *ncchigo* is not a hermit, nor a rare, nor even a very timid animal; that it dwells, as I saw, near villages; and that its cry, 'Aoo! aoo! aoo!' is often heard by them in the mornings and evenings. . . . Surely M. Du Chaillu must have been deceived by some vagary of Nature!"

Captain Burton offered five dollars (equal to twenty-five in New York) to every huntsman who should procure for him a fair shot at a gorilla, and ten dollars for each live one; but, as he says, "luck" was dead against him during the whole of his stay in gorilla-land, and in gorilla-hunting everything depends upon "luck." One man may beat the forest assiduously and vainly for five or six weeks; another will be successful on the first day. Several days were spent in hunting in the vicinity of Mbátá, but only once did they come upon traces of the anthropoid. On March 23d, "after an hour of cautious walking through the dew-dripping forest, listening as we went, we saw evident signs of Mister Gorilla. Boughs three inches in diameter strewed the ground; the husks of *ntondo* or *ibere* (wild cardamom) had been scattered about, and a huge hare's form of leaves lay some five yards from the tree where Fortuene declared Mistress and Master Gorilla had passed the night, *paterfamilias* keeping watch below. A little beyond we were shown a spot where two males had been fighting a duel, or where a couple had been indulging in dalliance sweet; the prints were eight inches long and six across the huge round toes, while the hinder hand appeared almost bifurcate, the thumb forming nearly a half." The game had vanished, however, before they reached its lair, and defied all their attempts to come up with it.

At last, learning that some bushmen had lately seen several gorillas in the direction of Sanga-Tanga, two marches down the coast from Mbátá, and about half-way to Cape Lopez, Captain Burton determined to give his "luck" one more chance and go there. The journey was a severe one, lasting five days, and being entirely without result, except sore feet and a touch of fever. Once they passed the mortal remains of a gorilla lashed to a pole; and again they heard a crashing of boughs and distant grunts which bespoke the presence of an "ole man gorilla." This was their nearest approach to success, though every chief they encountered swore that gorillas were plentiful in the vicinity of his "town."

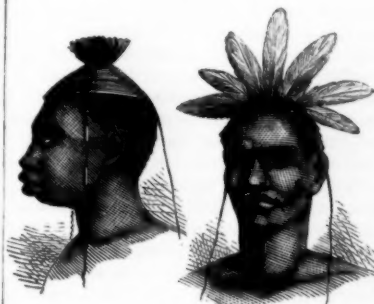
On his return to Mbátá from this abortive trip, Captain Burton was anxious to push still farther into the interior; but Fortuene flatly refused to accompany him, declaring himself to have been bewitched by some

bushmen, so that he could no longer hunt with success. He added that while the *utangani* remained the spell would still work, but that it would be broken by his departure, and he would prove it by sending down the first fruits. As Fortuene was the only hunter whose services could in any degree be relied upon, there was no alternative but submission; and, baffled and disgusted, the captain returned to the river, establishing himself at Glass Town, the site of the Baraka Mission, which he reached on the last day of March. Singularly enough, the white man's departure from Mbátá had broken the spell, and Fortuene *did* keep his word. On the very evening of his arrival at Glass Town, Burton received a noble specimen of the gorilla sent by Fortuene's bushmen—an old male with brown eyes and dark pupils. "When placed in an arm-chair, he ludicrously suggested a pot-bellied and patriarchal negro considerably the worse for liquor. From crown to sole he measured four feet ten and three-quarters inches, and from finger-tip to finger-tip six feet one inch. The girth of the head round ears and eyebrows was one foot eleven inches; of the chest, three feet two inches; above the hip-joints, two feet four inches; of the arms below the shoulder, two feet five inches; and of the legs, two feet five inches. Evidently these are very handsome proportions, considering what he was, and there was a suggestion of ear-lobe which gave his countenance a peculiarly human look. He had not undergone the inhuman Hebrew Abyssinian operation to which M. Du Chaillu's gorillas had been exposed, and the proportions rendered him exceedingly remarkable."

Before abandoning his explorations, Captain Burton determined to make one more attempt to penetrate the interior, this time with the object of visiting the *Fán* (pronounced with a prolonged nasal accent on the *n*), of whose cannibalism such curious tales have been told. Fortunately, the path in this direction was comparatively open, and he had only to ascend the Gaboon River to the highest trading establishment, where Mr. Tippet, an intelligent colored man from the United States, conducts "trade" with the *Fán* and other tribes of the interior. Having chartered a small fore-and-aft schooner and manned it with a crew of six men, he set out on April 10th, and three days later, after an uneventful journey, found himself at Tippet's Town, in the very midst of the terrible man-eaters, whose habits and customs he spent the next few days in studying.

The *Fán*, according to his account, are a finely-made, light-colored people, of regular features, and decidedly mild aspect. Their complexion is, as a rule, chocolate, the distinctive color of the African mountaineer and of the inner tribes; some are darker than others, but the very black are of servile origin. Many, if bleached, might pass for Europeans, so "Caucasian" is the type of their features; few are so nearly negro in type as the *Mpongwe*, and none are purely "nigger" like the blacks of maritime Guinea and the lower Congoes. They have the aspect of a people fresh from the bush, the backwoods; their teeth are pointed, and

there is generally a look of grotesqueness and surprise. When Captain Burton drank tea in their presence, they asked what was the good of putting sugar in tobacco-water.



Fan Head-Dresses.

The hair is not kinky, peppercorn-like, and crisply woolly, like that of the coast tribes; in men, as well as in women, it falls in a thick curtain nearly to the shoulders. The variety of their coiffures is rivaled only by that of their dress and ornament. The men affect plaits, knobs, and horns, stiff twists and upright tufts, suddenly projecting some two inches from the scalp; and, that analogies with Europe might not be wanting, one gentleman wore a cue or pigtail, bound at the shoulders, not by a ribbon, but by the neck of a claret-bottle. Other heads are adorned with single feathers, or bunches and circles of plumes, especially the red tail-plumes of the touraco, an African jay; these blood-colored spoils are a sign of war. The skullcaps of plaited and blackened palm-leaf, though common in the interior, are rare among the *Fán*; an imitation is produced by tressing the hair longitudinally from the top about half-way down, making the head a system of ridges divided by scalp-lines, with a fan-shaped tuft of scarlet palm-frond surmounting the poll. A very peculiar fashion, not observed elsewhere, is that of lengthen-



A Fan Cannibal.

ing with tree-fibres a few hairs, either from the temples, the sides, or the back of the head, and threading them with red and white beads. These decorations fall upon the

breast or back; the same is done to the thin beard, and doubtless the mustaches, if the latter were not mostly wanting, would be similarly treated.

The *Fán* toilet is the height of simplicity. Thongs and plaits of goat, wild-cat, or leopard skin gird the waist, and cloth, which is rare, is supplied by the skin of the black monkey, or some other animal. The main part of the national costume, and certainly the most remarkable, is a fan of palm-frond, redolent of grease and ruddled with ochre, thrust through the waist-belt; while new and stiff, the upper half stands bolt upright, and hangs only when old. The ornaments are seed-beads, green or white, and loangos (red porcelain). There is not much tattooing among the men, except on the shoulders, while the women prefer the stomach; the dandy, however, disfigures himself with powdered camwood, mixed with butternut, grease, or palm-oil. Each has his garters and armlets of plaited palm-fibre, tightened by little cross-bars of brass. Lastly, a fetich horn hangs from the breast, and heavy copper rings encumber the wrists and ankles.

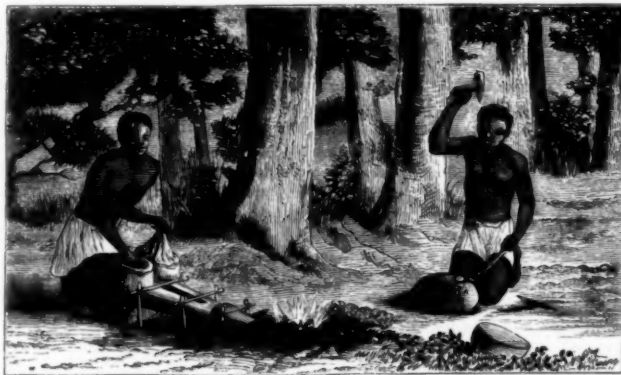
All adult males carry weapons, and would be held womanish if they were seen unarmed. These are generally battle-axes, spears cruelly and fantastically jagged, hooked and barbed, and curious, leaf-shaped knives; some of the latter have blades broader than they are long. The sheaths, of fibre or leather, are elaborately decorated, and it is *chic* for the scabbard to fit so tightly that the weapon cannot be drawn for five minutes. There are some trade-muskets, but the "hot-mouthed weapon" has not become the national weapon of the *Fán*. Bows and arrows are unknown; the cross-bow, peculiar to this people, is carried only when hunting or fighting. This weapon is simple and ingenious, and the bolt is always poisoned with the boiled root of a wild shrub. Most warriors also carry a basketful of bamboo-splints, pointed and poisoned; placed upon the path of a barefooted enemy, this rude contrivance, combined with the scratching of thorns and the gashing cuts of the grass, must somewhat discourage pursuit. The shields, of elephant-hide, are large, square, and ponderous. The "terrible battle-axe" is the usual poor little tomahawk, more like a toy than a weapon.

The *Fán*, like all inner African tribes, live in a chronic state of ten days' war, and can never hold themselves safe; this is especially the case where the slave-trade has never been heard of. Surprises are rare, because they will not march in the dark. Battles are not bloody; after two or three warriors have fallen their corpses are dragged away to be devoured, their friends save themselves by flight, and the weaker side secures peace by paying sheep and goats. Their bravery is the bravery of the savage, whose first object in battle is to preserve his only good, his life; to the civilized man, therefore, they appear but moderately courageous. Their character has its ferocious side, however, or it would not be African. Prisoners are tortured with horrible barbarity; and children may be seen greedily licking the blood from the ground.

Chastity is still known among the *Fán*. The marriage-tie has some significance, and the women will not go astray except with the husband's leave, which is not often granted. The men wax wroth if their mothers be abused. It is an insult to call one of them a liar or a coward; the coast tribes would merely smile at the soft impeachment, and assure you that none but fools—yourself included by implication—are anything else. They are also industrious, the men being especially skillful in iron-working. With an ingenious but simple bellows of their own construction, a rude hammer, and a big stone, they produce wrought-iron and steel instruments, weapons, etc., of a quality which makes them hold the "best Birmingham" in contempt.

Captain Burton's account of cannibalism among the *Fán* differs widely from that of M. Du Chaillu; though it must be said that the latter's opportunities for observation were much better. Captain Burton saw no instance of it himself, and he was told by Mr.

I proceeded to the external study of *Fán* womanhood. While the men are tall and *elances*, their partners are usually short and stout. This peculiar breadth of face and person probably results from hard work and good fare, developing adipose tissue. I could not bring myself to admire Gondebiza, the princess royal—what is grotesque in one sex becomes unsightly in the other. Fat, thirty, and perhaps once fair, her charms had seen their prime, and the system of circles and circlets which composed her *personnel* had assumed a tremulous and gravitating tendency. She was habited in the height of *Fán* fashion. Her body was modestly invested in a thin pattern of tattoo, and a gauze-work of oil and camwood; the rest of the toilet was a dwarf pigeon-tail of fan-palm, like that of the men, and a manner of apron, white beads, and tree-bark, greasy and reddened; the latter was tucked under and over the five lines of cowries which acted as cestus to the portly middle, 'big as a budget.' The horns of hair, not unlike the rays of light in Michael Angelo's 'Moses,' were covered with a cap of leaves, and they were balanced behind by a pig-tail lashed with brass wire. Her ornaments were sundry necklaces of various beads,



Fan Blacksmiths.

Tippet and others that it was a rare incident even in the wildest parts. Mr. Tippet, who had lived three years with this people, knew of only three cases of cannibalism. As the *Fán* have plenty of food, animal as well as vegetable, anthropophagy can hardly be caused by necessity, and the way in which it is conducted would seem to show that it is a quasi-religious rite practised upon foes slain in battle, evidently an equivalent for human sacrifice. If the whole body cannot be carried off, a limb or two are removed for the purpose of a roast. The corpse is carried to a hut built expressly for this purpose on the outskirts of the settlement; it is eaten secretly by the warriors, women and children not being allowed to be present, or even to look upon man's flesh; and the cooking-pots used for the banquets must all be broken.

At about 3 P. M. on one of the days of his stay in Tippet's Town, Captain Burton was invited to put in an appearance at a solemn dance, which, led by the king's eldest daughter, was being performed in honor of the white visitor. Here is his account of it:

"A chair was placed in the veranda, the street being the ballroom. Received with the usual salutation, 'Mbokane,' to which the reply is 'An,'

large red and white, and small blue and pink porcelains; a leaf, probably by way of amulet, was bound to a string round the upper arm; and wrists and ankles were laden with heavy rings of brass and copper, the *parure* of the great *Fán* land. The other *ballerines* were, of course, less brilliantly attired, but all had rings on their arms, legs, and ankles, fingers, and toes. A common decoration was a bunch of seven or eight long ringlets, not unlike the *queues-de-rat* still affected by the old-fashioned Englishwoman; these, however, as in the men, were prolonged to the bosom by strings of alternate red and white beads. Others limited the decoration to two rats' tails depending from the temples, where phrenologists localize our 'causality.' Many had faces of sufficient piquancy; the figures, though full, wanted firmness, and I noticed only one well-formed bosom. The men wore red feathers, but none carried arms.

"The form of saltation suggested Mr. Catlin's drawings. A circular procession of children, as well as adults, first promenaded round the princess, who danced with all her might in the centre, her countenance preserving the *grand sérieux*. The performers in this 'ging-a-ring' then clapped hands with prolonged ejaculations of 'o-o-oh!' stamped and shuffled forward, moving the body from the hips downward, while H. R. H. alone stood stationary and smileless as a French demoiselle of the last century, who came

to the ball not to *canser* but to *danser*. At times, when King Fitevanga condescended to show his agility, the uproar of applause became deafening. The orchestra consisted of two men sitting opposite each other—one performed on a caisson, a log of hollowed wood, four feet high, skin-covered, and fancifully carved; the other on the national anjyá, a rude 'marimba,' the prototype of the piano-forte. . . .

"Highly gratified by the honor, but somewhat overpowered by the presence and by that vile scourge, the sandfly, I retired after the first review, leaving the song, the drum, and the dance, to continue till midnight. Accustomed to the frantic noises of African village-life in general, my ears here recognized an excess of bawl and shout, and subsequent experience did not efface the impression. But, in the savage and the barbarian, noise, like curiosity, is a healthy sign; the lowest tribes are moping and apathetic as sick children; they will hardly look at anything, however strange to them."

Not yet despairing of a shot at or of capturing a gorilla, Captain Burton organized a party of Fávú to go farther up the river where the forests were dense; but, like Du Chaillu, he was compelled to turn back, after penetrating a few miles, by the unconquerable repugnance of these people to going far from home. He could not even hear that any gorillas were to be found in the vicinity, and consequently nothing remained but a return to the coast. The down-stream voyage was an easy matter, and the early morning of April 17th found him at Glass Town on the way to "Le Plateau."

With regard to the primary object of Captain Burton's expedition to the Gaboon—namely, to test M. Du Chaillu's narrative—the result was substantially to confirm its accuracy. "My journey assured me," he says at the close, "from the specimen narrowly scrutinized, that both country and people are on the whole correctly described." The modifications with which, according to Captain Burton, we must read the picturesque pages of the "Gorilla Book" are chiefly the following: "The gorilla is a poor devil-ape, not a 'hellish dream-creature, half man, half beast.' He is not the king of the African forest; he fears the njego, or leopard, and, as lions will not live in these wet, wooded, and gameless lands, he can hardly have expelled King Leo. He does not choose the 'darkest, gloomiest forests,' but prefers the thin woods, where he finds wild fruits for himself and family. His tremendous roar does not shake the jungle: it is a hollow, apish cry, a loudish huhh! huhh! huhh! explosive like the puff of a steam-engine, which in rage becomes a sharp and snappish bark—any hunter can imitate it. Doubtless, in some exceptional cases, when an aged mixture of Lablache and Dan Lambert delivers his *voce di petto*, the voice may be heard for some distance in the still African shades, but it will hardly compare with the howling monkeys of Brazil, which make the forest hideous. The eye is not a 'light gray,' but the brown common to all the tribe. The gorilla cannot stand straight upon his rear quarter when attacking or otherwise engaged without holding on to a trunk; he is essentially a tree-ape, as every stuffed specimen will prove. He never gives a tremendous blow with his immense open paw—doubtless

a native legend found in Battel and Bowdich; nor does he attack with the arms. However old and male he may be, he runs away with peculiar alacrity: though powerfully weaponed with tigerish teeth, with 'bunches of muscular fibre,' and with the limbs of Goliath, the gorilla, on the seaboard at least, is essentially a coward; nor can we be surprised at his want of pluck, considering the troubles and circumstances under which he spends his harassed days. Finally, while a hen will defend her chicks, Mrs. Gorilla will fly, leaving son or daughter in the hunter's hands."

THE STORY OF A YOUNG BARON;

OR, FEUDAL EDUCATION.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF ERICHMANN-CHATRIAN.)

I.

WHEN I look back to the earliest days of my childhood (said Colonel Siegfried), I see myself a little bit of a fellow in the arms of old Baron Otto von Maindorf, lord of Vinland, my most respectable grandfather. He was a dry and nervous old man, with huge, white mustaches, a proud, aquiline nose, light-gray eyes, and at sixty years of age he was as erect as a young man. He had been through the French campaign against the republicans in 1792 under Brunswick; that of 1810 under Louis Ferdinand, who fell at Saalfeld; those of 1813, 1814, and 1815, under Blücher, without ever being able to attain higher rank than that of *Rittmeister*, notwithstanding his wounds and gallant conduct. He complained bitterly of the ingratitude of the Hohenzollerns, and lived alone in his ancient castle of Vinland, near Curischaff, on the banks of the Baltic.

Having lost my father, who served under him at the battle of Ligny, in Belgium, my mother, who was a Zulpich, having died after this misfortune, and he himself having been put on the retired-list, he no longer cared for anything but this solitude, which reminded him of the splendor of the Von Maindorfs in their happier days.

There we lived, in the old, ruinous nest, lashed by the sea, with Jacob Reiss, formerly orderly-sergeant to my grandfather, and old Christina, his wife, our only domestics. We were really poor, for the noble inheritance of my old grandfather was covered with mortgages, and he was in debt to all the Jews of Germany and Poland, and he loathed them for it, declaring that they had taken pleasure in allowing the interest to accumulate, in the hope of some day laying hold of his lands, of which the revenues were seized for many years. The old gentleman had been fond of play, like all soldiers during war, and now he had to pay his debts.

When he was thinking of all this, his lips would compress, his nose become more arched, and, shaking his fists with indignation, he would swear at all Judea, from father to son, from Abraham down to the last money-lender in Frankfort. I alone could make the old man smile, when he lifted me up on his

shoulders and carried me through the ancient galleries to the platform at Vinland, in sight of the sea, stopping to look through the arcades at the waves white with foam as they rolled in on the bank—at the boats of the fishermen taking in their nets in the distance or coming in toward the shore at the approach of evening. Then, leaning his elbows on one of the windows with his arms around me, he would say: "Look, Siegfried, look! All this land and this great sea were ours formerly. These ships which pass in the offing, with their gray sails unfurled, paid us a tax for entering the bay; those boats yonder owed us part of their fish; the fisheries, where they smoke and pickle the fish, owed us for the salt, so much for the wood, so much for the place they occupy on the sand. Those peasants who work and toil at harvest owed us wheat and barley and hops and hemp; they owed us meat, eggs, and vegetables; a share in everything was ours, for we were lords of all. We had the right to hunt; our horses and our dogs alone could chase the deer, the fox, and the wolf in the forest; our boats alone could penetrate the lagoons of Curischaff, starting clouds of eider-ducks, of swans, and of wild-geese, which we killed by thousands. We also enjoyed all rights and privileges, because we are of the noble race of Vandals, the first masters of the soil, the noble race of conquerors. Do you comprehend, Siegfried, my boy?"

And I understood; my eyes grew accustomed to look at all as if it were mine. I wanted the birds, the fish, the boats, the fisheries, the villages, and I answered my old grandfather, "Everything belongs to Siegfried!" which rejoiced the old man's heart. "Very well," he would say, tenderly, "the foxes have taken everything away, but we must get it all back from them; the peasant must work, the fisherman must fish, the merchant must trade, and the Jew steal, all for the noble descendants of old Maindorf with the iron tooth!"

He would then kiss me, proud of my precocious intellect, and would carry me off, my little arm around his neck, my cheek on his, saying, "Pull my mustaches, Siegfried; I am pleased with you, you are a fine fellow!"

His was a clear, practical mind. The old castle threatened to fall into ruins in several places; he had abandoned the greater part of it, to inhabit a wing which was still quite strong, and which the donjon protected from the north winds. Our habitation was composed of a vast saloon, lofty and vaulted, with five rooms still in good condition, of which the windows opened on the bay, and the ancient kitchen, furnished with an immense chimney, and chimney-piece heavily carved. Below the stables opened on a deep courtyard, where we descended by a staircase with a balustrade. The tall towers cast their long shadows on all this; it was a stern landscape.

The other parts of the castle remained deserted, the doors shut, the windows without glass. The rooks, the screech-owls, inhabited the cornices; they flew around every floor, chattering and crying; their filth whitened the projections, their nests filled all the deserted rooms—nobody came to disturb them,

and the winter wind, howling amid the ruins, produced a savage harmony, particularly when the sea added its plaintive wail.

I can never efface the recollections of the scene. I still see the great drawing-room with its threadbare carpet, its oak table, the arms of my old grandfather hanging on the walls, decorating each side of the door the oval windows with leaden casings, and the sea in the distance, with its outline marked by the rocks; the kitchen, with its blazing hearth, the flames whirling round the great iron hook suspended for the cooking-pot, and old Christina seated close by under the dark chimney-piece, peeling vegetables, picking birds, or scaling fish with an old rusty knife. She was very old, yellow, and wrinkled, like a gypsy of a hundred, her hair the color of hemp, her large square pockets on her hips, the bunch of keys at her waist, the little horsehair cap on her head; grave, thoughtful, and chatty; liking to tell old stories, during the autumn storms or the long winter nights, about the castle, about apparitions of will-o'-the-wisps, of white rabbits, of her presentiments at the death of first one and then another.

Yes, I see her, and Jacob Reiss, too, standing beside her, with his long thin face, his bow legs, the old military cap over his ears; top boots with long, iron spurs; and a pipe in the midst of his gray mustache. Without, the sea sang its eternal hymn, which seemed a plaintive accompaniment to the fantastic legends and stories of Christina. "He!" said Jacob, "all that is very possible. I, too, always had presentiments on the eve of a great battle, and the next day a great many people died." He spoke with a tone of conviction, but, when the tale was too extraordinary, he winked at me, as much as to say: "Don't believe it, Siegfried; the old woman is childish. The white rabbit was a cat in the leader, or else a marten that had crept in the wood-pile under the logs."

I could have listened to Christina for hours, but what amused me still more was to go down with the old soldier and feed the horses and take them to drink. He never failed to put me on one of them, for we had three that were very handsome, this being the only luxury my old grandfather still permitted himself to indulge in. "Sit properly, Siegfried," the veteran would say to me; "hold the bridle in your left hand; this is the way you will have to do one of these days at the head of your regiment. You will hold up your sword, and the trumpets will sound—hop! hop! hop!" What happiness to be on a horse, and to go round the dark courtyard at a slow trot!

How often, in my little room at night, have I not waked up, lending an ear to the whistling of the wind through the innumerable fissures in the walls of the old castle, reminding me suddenly of the stories told by old Christina, and fancying I heard the souls of the dead sliding off in the immense halls! I would be terribly frightened. Fortunately, my old grandfather's room opened into mine; the door was always left open between, and the hard, regular breathing of the old man reassured me. He slept a peaceful sleep, and I said to myself, "If the spirits

come I'll scream, and my grandfather will take down his sword!"

The sword of my grandfather and his pistols inspired me with courage: with him I would have braved all the ghosts in the world. Yet one evening there occurred something very strange with regard to spirits. I never shall forget it.

It was just as the first snow began to fall in 1822, and I was ten years old. My grandfather and I that evening took our supper together, as usual, the table between us, the lamp on the table on its bronze standard. Jacob was waiting on us, going out and coming in to bring the dishes from the kitchen. And, as it happens when the seasons change, the sea was rough and stormy, and the snow lashed the window-panes in great gusts. We finished our supper, when suddenly the door opened, at which I turned pale and cried out, "It is Maindorf with the iron tooth!" My grandfather, all amazed, put his glass down on the table, and, looking at the old hussar with a severe eye, asked him, "What does that mean? Why is the boy afraid?"

"It is Christina who tells him nonsense," faltered out the old soldier, hurrying off to close the door.

"Christina!" cried out my grandfather with indignation. "If the old fool were here I would wring her neck! Let this happen no more!"

Then growing calm and addressing me: "Listen, Siegfried," said he, "and remember my words: Maindorf with the iron tooth died six hundred years ago, and the dead do not come back; what you hear is the wind blowing on the sea. . . . And that," said he, showing the high windows, of which some of the panes of glass were white, and others in turn black, "that is the snow which the wind drives against the glass. There is nothing else; there is no spirit in the body. Those who speak of the ghosts of the dead are asses. You understand me?"

"Yes, grandfather," I answered.

"Well, then, take that lantern. I will open the great hall for you, and you will go alone to the end of it into the old tower opposite. I will stay here; I will see the light through the window, and when you get in the tower you will call out, 'Maindorf! Maindorf with the iron tooth, come here!' You understand me, Siegfried! if you don't do this you are not of the old race of conquerors; you are afraid! A nobleman knows no fear!"

I immediately got up and took hold of the lantern without saying a word. My grandfather got down a large key which hung on the wall under his arms, and he unlocked for me himself the door of the ancient hall of the knights.

The tempest seemed to have made its way inside this dilapidated edifice, and the light danced in the midst of darkness. I would have liked to run away, but my grandfather said: "Walk slowly. Those who run are afraid; they fall! Take care of all the rubbish."

Then I started off alone. The arches succeeded each other in a long file. The flagstones, covered with sea-weed and fish-bones, brought by the birds that had made their domicile in the ancient masonry, gave

back no echo to my footsteps. I walked on in this manner, watching the shadow of the columns on the roof, and an occasional screech-owl, awakened out of her sleep, who would unfold her wings and plunge into the black abyss of the storm.

So I saw one window after another go by, then the balustrades; the heaps of sea-weed and other decayed stuff filling the air with a horrible odor, notwithstanding the height of the battlements and the wind that swept them, covering them with snow. On I went into the great tower, holding up my lantern. After taking breath I cried out, not without emotion, for Christina's stories rose up before me, "Maindorf! Maindorf of the iron tooth, come here!"

But there came no answer, excepting the whistling of the tempest and the clamor of the waves at the foot of the rock. I held my little hand before the lantern to keep the light from being extinguished; then, having repeated the same words over again, I came back slowly, always refraining from running. A second time the arches passed before my eyes, and I reentered my grandfather's room. He paid me no compliment, and seemed to think I had only done what was quite natural.

"Sit down, Siegfried," said he; "the wind blows hard, doesn't it? It is very cold outside."

"Yes, grandfather."

"Here, take a drink."

He half filled my glass, and I drank it off at one draught.

"You called on Maindorf?" said he, smiling.

"Yes."

"He did not come! yet he was a brave fellow in his day, and nobody ever called him without seeing him arrive on the spot at once, with his helmet on and with his battle-axe, but he is dead, and the most cowardly knave, the most wretched Jew, could defy him without moving his dust. Such is death, Siegfried. From the beginning of the world myriads and myriads of men have died, and not one has ever come back, not one! This proves as clear as day that death is the end of everything, and that afterward there is nothing. Get this idea in your mind, it is the key to all the rest."

Having said this with a grave look, my grandfather got up from his chair, returned into the hall to shut the great door, and then came back to the table, and, when supper was over, bade me good-night as usual, and we went to bed.

II.

My grandfather had taught me to write, early; he had also taught me the rudiments of arithmetic; but from this day forward he began to instruct me in earnest. Every morning after breakfast we went down to the stables, and he himself gave me a lesson in riding, first showing me how to groom the horse myself and to saddle him. As I was still too small to put on the saddle myself, or the bit, he aided me in fastening the buckles, and did it all with great order and system, explaining to me the use of every strap and the place for it. Then he would talk to me of the distinctive qualities of each race of

horses, pointing out the good qualities and defects of each. After these explanations, we would start off for a ride—sometimes along the seashore, sometimes in the forest. We would occasionally push on as far as the little market town of Vinland, an old appendage to the castle, of which the population was daily increasing, and assuming from its trade more commercial importance.

A few merchants had come to reside there. Mr. Stremaderfer, the richest ship-owner of the coast, had erected a splendid market-house to smoke and pickle fish in; he had his own boats, and had the handsomest dwelling in the village, also a coo-perage employing numerous hands. The sturgeon-fishing and the sales of caviare were both very profitable all over Germany. He was a stout man, very simply dressed, but rather purse-proud; his broad-brimmed felt hat was drawn down squarely over his eyebrows, and his brown whiskers were in disorder about his muscular cheeks. He bowed at once to the Herr Oberst von Maindorf as soon as he perceived him, and almost like equal to equal.

My grandfather detested this man; he returned his bow by lifting his cap about an inch and drawing in his spurs tightly. He did the same as he passed all the other tradespeople of the borough, and as we galloped on he would say to me:

"You see these people, Siegfried; before the arrival of the French in 1806, they were our serfs, and belonged to our land; we could force them to do what we liked, and even sell them without their being able to protest against it. In those days their costume was of coarse linen cloth, without any collar, with loose linen drawers in summer, and in winter a jacket of sheep-skin; their hair hung over their eyebrows, a mark of their bondage. To-day they dress in blue cloth, they draw down their vests over their huge stomachs, and they stand squarely on their heels, looking you boldly in the face, without turning their eyes down, as much as to say: 'Herr, Mr. Stremaderfer, the rich ship-owner, does you the honor to bow to you first, baron;' he thinks he is doing the proper, but that he could if he pleased dispense with the ceremony, for his purse is better lined than yours; his name is known at more than one banker's in Hamburg, in Bremen, at Lübeck, and even in England, both in Liverpool and Manchester. His signature is worth so much, and his sales are quoted on the London market. Yet he bows to you first because it is an old custom, and then, as his sons are obliged to serve in the army, your young man may be their officer—it is just as well to humor people's pride when it costs nothing to do so."

So my grandfather laughed dryly when he had done describing these people to me, and said: "All this must change. These Hohenzollerns have cost us dear. But, provided they only keep to their promises in the end and give us back the hundredth part of what we were forced to yield to them in days of misfortune, they will reestablish our authority on a firmer basis still! Then we can afford to forget the old deceptions. The great Prussian net must one day unite all Germany

—that is the first step—afterward we will see to the rest! Come on, this is a good time for a gallop—hold on well, Siegfried!"

I listened to these lofty political thoughts, far outstripping my young intellect at that time, but since returning to my recollection with admiration of the penetration and the rare good sense of the good old man.

When we got back to the castle about one or two o'clock, we had the horses unharnessed and sponged down by Jacob before our eyes, and then went up-stairs into the library, which was the room beyond my grandfather's study, next to the great drawing-room, and then sat down and began our lessons. The time had come for me to learn languages, history, geography, and mathematics, in order to be admitted into the Royal Academy, where I had a right to enter, and my grandfather wished my examination to be as creditable to me as his own had been to him forty-five years previously.

"To understand how to make war," he would say to me, "particularly in the light cavalry, where you would still find my old comrades, to whom I could recommend you, the first requisite is languages; you must speak them as much as possible without accent, because very often in a campaign one has to question the people in a foreign country, and do it adroitly not to awaken suspicion, and to gain information about roads and paths, the position of the enemy's lines, and of course one always has to assume a friendly tone to gain one's point. One must also know how to read rapidly, to gobble up at a glance intercepted correspondence and the dispatches of couriers that have been arrested, and to transmit a clear and distinct report of them to the staff. You understand, Siegfried?"

"And the first language the Prussians ought to study is French, the tongue of our natural enemies. Frederick II. never wrote in any other language; he surrounded himself by Frenchmen, and the fools thought it was because he admired their genius. He wrote anti-Machiavellian books to make them believe he was incapable of following the ideas of the witty Italian whom he condemned. This did not prevent his going in his footsteps all his life by simply blinding his neighbors to his real purpose, insuring to himself the reputation of being a philosopher and a moral sovereign with the nicest sense imaginable. I tell you this, my boy, to show you that the first thing to be done is to hoodwink your enemies, and in order to do this you must comprehend their language perfectly."

After having often repeated to me this judicious counsel, we would begin to read Xenophon in Gail's excellent French translation, the Greek text on one page, and the Latin on the other. My grandfather knew both languages well, particularly the Latin, which he wrote with ease, like all educated men of his day. At that time all scientific books were reviewed in Latin; so he taught it to me, and took pleasure in conversing with me in that language; and, in order to assist me in learning conversational phrases, I was made to commit the "Colloquies" of Erasmus to memory.

Things had been going on in this way for two years, and my grandfather was satisfied with the progress I made. He said to me one day: "Everything goes on well, Siegfried; our studies are advancing, but we must not neglect our worldly wisdom. It is the custom in the world for every one to have a religion, and to declare himself Protestant, Catholic, or even a Jew. It all comes to pretty much the same thing; only it is well to select that which will be of most advantage. With us in Prussia it is the reformed religion, that of the king and the nobles; in France and Austria it is the Catholic religion. Let us, then, follow the custom, for fools say you cannot be an honest man without religion. I will send for the pastor of Vinland; he will teach you the religion of the land, and carry you through all the ceremonies required in such cases. I will pay him moderately, and you will be a reformed Lutheran. At the school for cadets I expect you to be careful in following the religious exercises prescribed by the rules, for the king attaches great importance to them on account of the example to others. You will have to go to church from time to time, and sing a psalm occasionally. This will be quite sufficient."

After this little speech, which served to impress on me the necessity for religious instruction, my grandfather sent Jacob Reiss to bring Pastor Brandhorst in a pleasure-car to the castle. Mr. Brandhorst was a man of forty, tall and thin, with straw-colored hair and red eyelids. At Vinland he had the reputation of being very strict in his religious observances—at least, so I have since learned. So he came, dressed all in black, a little cloak thrown over his shoulders, a large silk hat on his big head, and a satisfied air, happy in having been selected by Baron Otto von Maindorf to give religious instruction to his grandson, which fact could only add to the consideration in which the pastor was held by his fellow-clergymen and his congregation.

As the pleasure-car drove in, my grandfather and I were down in the courtyard, for I had just taken my riding-lesson. So we received the pastor, with exaggerated salutations on his part, and jokes about me. He spoke very well; my grandfather replied with a benevolent smile. In this way we ascended the great staircase, and entered the library. Then Mr. Brandhorst, having thrown aside his little cloak, seated himself near me, before the chimney, and at once began his religious instructions to me, speaking of God, of the Creation, of Adam and Eve, etc., etc.

My grandfather during the lesson walked up and down behind us, with bent head, his hands crossed on his back, with a dreamy air, and without uttering a syllable. At the end of the first chapter Mr. Brandhorst made me repeat all he had said, to see if I understood him well; he seemed delighted with my memory, and, while complimenting me, as well as the baron, he rose, put on his cloak, and bowed low to us. My grandfather accompanied him to the door; he went down the steps alone, and from the head of the stairs I watched him get in the carriage.

This was renewed during a fortnight or three weeks. My grandfather always listened

in silence. After Genesis, we went through the Book of Judges, Kings, Chronicles, and the Prophets. We had reached the New Testament, and the mission of Christ, teaching the equality of men before God, declaring them all brothers, ordering the forgiveness of injuries, and that the left cheek should be turned when the right was struck. Mr. Brandhorst became animated as he taught this high morality, and he expressed himself with great eloquence. My grandfather, until then a quiet listener, stopped short, and spoke suddenly: "All that, pastor"—he said this in a very positive tone—"is very well for a commoner, for the laborers and peasants whom you meet in the village. You do very well to preach this to them, to tell them to yield, to receive blows without returning them, and to count on receiving a reward for their submission in another world; all that is very just and useful. But it is one thing to talk to clowns, descendants of serfs, born to obey from father to son, and quite another thing to talk to nobles, descendants of nobles, born to rule and command. That is what you should explain forcibly to young Baron Siegfried von Maindorf, in order to initiate him in his duty; for a lesson, to be good, and true, and useful, should be adapted to the conditions of individuals. The manner of viewing things changes with circumstances. An eagle as he hovers high in the air does not see the grass with the same eyes as the ass who is browsing."

Mr. Brandhorst, quite surprised, made no answer, and my grandfather went on:

"Observe well, reverend sir, that the Church has never put in practice the precept of forgiveness of injuries. On the contrary, ever unrelenting toward its enemies, it has proscribed them, tortured them, burnt them, destroyed them in this world, and damned them in the next, whenever it had the power. This example should be followed by us. As for sacred history, I must beg you to observe that all your patriarchs and your judges in Israel, whom you admire so much, were lazy fellows who wanted to be paid and make laws without carrying arms. While others went to the wars to be killed, they staid at home, guarding the sacred Ark, which they abandoned after all to save their skins when the Philistines had the upper hand. The people ended by finding out that their leaders were cowards; whether he would or not, Samuel had to consent to give them a king, but he chose one of his own stamp, Saul, who on the eve of the last battle went to consult the witch, a sort of gypsy hid in a hole not far from the camp, who had the insolence to predict defeat to him, so that during the fight the idiot lost all courage, and ran himself through with his own sword. These things are very clear; one must be blind not to see them. As for David, he was a brave Bedouin, and a cunning one. He had young blood in him, always on horseback, going right and left, pillaging and plundering. This brave fellow ended by feeling the want of rest, and fixed his eyes on Jerusalem. Then he came to an understanding with the priests that they should keep their privileges, so the people submitted to him. David is the best example of what pure blood can do in the

primitive races; he founded his dynasty; he had his enemies drawn over iron spikes, and he ploughed in their bones on his fields; he attained a great age; he had about him all the halo of sanctity and of poetry, added to the positive enjoyments of life. Such are the examples, reverend sir, that should be selected for the instruction of a young nobleman, and not Jonas and Elias, and such-like demagogues. Talk to peasants of Job, of Ruth, of Boaz, and of Tobit, as much as you please; but of David, of Mattathias, and of Judas Maccabeus, to men of war; and, above all, don't teach them precepts opposed to their profession, capable of making them false to honor, such as to receive a blow and not return it."

The minister was dumfounded.

"But, my lord baron," said he, at last, "this precept is written in all the Gospels."

"In the Gospels," answered my grandfather, with impatience, "one finds a little of everything, only you must know what to take. Christ was not what you suppose; he was of a noble race, a descendant of David; he wished to be King of the Jews. He tried to arouse the people and to be proclaimed king. Unfortunately, the Romans governed the country, and they had already given it foreign kings. Herod the Judean received the taxes, and divided the power with Pontius Pilate. The Jewish priests under this rule in a great measure retained their privileges; they knew very well that if there was an uprising of the people three or four Roman legions would soon restore order; that Jerusalem would be sacked, and they themselves massacred and sold like slaves; they were afraid. And the great priest Caiaphas, in secret council, pronounced the memorable words that 'one man should die for the people.' The priests denounced the rebellion which was on the point of bursting out. Christ was arrested; his partisans were scattered; and they in a cowardly way abandoned the lawful king, who was crucified with this ironical inscription affixed to the top of the cross, 'Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.' These words of themselves explain all the history. These facts are indisputable. Christ, to gain the good-will of the people, had declared, against all the rules of common-sense and Nature, that all men are equals—like those famous Jacobites of '93, who call him in their new calendar 'the first *sans-culotte*,' and pretend to carry out his doctrines. My God! reverend sir, you know these things as well as I do! Why then entangle the subject? Teach submission, resignation, and obedience, to the lower classes, to the laborers, to the rustics; it is all right—very right—those people are made to obey! But present things in their true light to a nobleman!"

"You must be aware that religion is a public institution which prepares mankind for real discipline. And, since we are on this subject, I will declare to you that the Roman Catholic and Apostolic religion fulfills this object much better than ours; forbidding the reading of the Scriptures where they contain revolutionary maxims; ordering that everything the Church decides is to be

believed without questioning; forbidding priests to marry, that they may devote themselves exclusively to their calling, in order to make of them true soldiers of the Cross; exacting confessions of their sins from the faithful, to stop all revolt from afar; maintaining the use of the Latin tongue in all ceremonies, to hide the meaning from the ignorant and preserve for the faith a mysterious worship which is always captivating. This religion is a great political institution, the deepest the world has ever seen. As long as it held sway, over us, the nobles and the clergy understood each other perfectly; the people never moved. The pope and the emperor often were at war, but the convent and the castle, barring a few neighborly quarrels, lived in peace and harmony together. They had a common interest—that of not awakening the envy of the clown by instructing him in the knowledge of his supposed rights, and to keep him always laboring, bent over the earth. When I think of this glorious feudal epoch when everything was in its proper place in the natural order intended, I cannot help saying that Luther, the first to violate the ecclesiastical discipline he had sworn to observe, has done an irreparable injury; his principles of free discussion, of free conscience, of individual right to interpret Scripture, each one according to his own fancy—all these things are the subversion of common-sense. He is the beginning, the legitimate parent of the rights of men—that monstrous gospel of the mob. The knave by flattering the passions of the great, and by granting them all the permissions refused by the pope, in approving their divorces, blessing their third and fourth marriages, and sanctifying their overflowing passions, interested them in his cause. He was a cunning fellow. Before him moral discipline ruled everything; since force has become necessary, and it will be used because the people must return to their obedience and recognize their true masters once more; the great gulf that divides the small and narrow nature of the plebeian from the nobleman is destined to hold the clown in check forever. Only to attain this end, the first duty of the clergy shall be to second us in everything; every one must receive such religious training as is suitable to his own birth. I have expressed my opinions, reverend sir; continue your lesson, and endeavor to conform to my wishes."

Mr. Brandhorst entered at once into the views of my grandfather: he expanded on the career of David, and on the exploits of the Maccabees; he was suitably rewarded for his pains, and some time after my grandfather and I rode to the temple at Vinland. I was confirmed before two congregations. On this occasion the pastor thought proper to pronounce a touching allocution, over which the women shed tears; and, when the services were over, I put a double gold Fredrick in the plate of the sacristan, who was receiving the alms at the door.

We then went out on the little public square, where Jacob Reiss was holding our horses, and, having mounted, we started off for home at a gallop. In this manner I became a Protestant, according to my grand-

father's wishes and the ancient traditions of Prussia.

III.

THIS done, the religious question was entirely dropped, and my grandfather devoted himself to my mathematics, which were very essential for me to gain admittance to the Royal College. We had already been through the arithmetic several times, and I knew it well. Geometry and algebra followed in due course. These were the old gentleman's favorite studies—people always like what they know. He would keep me for hours at the blackboard. All at once, he would then burst out laughing, and say:

"Come, Siegfried, this is quite enough for to-day! Let us leave both chalk and sponge, and be off."

I breathed again when he said this. We would go down and saddle our horses, and start as gayly as could be. The good man seemed to grow young again, as he wished to teach me everything at once—swimming, riding, and the use of arms. As we galloped along the shore, Jacob behind us in the distance, he would cry out:

"Siegfried, I want you to be head of your class at college! I want your teachers to find out they have nothing left to teach you! I want you, too, to be strong, hardy, skillful, and adroit, as I was at thirty—the day when we drew our swords against the French, who had reduced us to a mere handful. That was in 1806, and it is to them we owe three-fourths of our annoyances, with the privileges granted in '89. I want you to be able to cut them up for it, one of these days, like mince-meat. I will doubtless be dead by that time, but you will remember me, and you'll think you hear me cry out: 'Courage, Siegfried, courage! Strike hard—cut them up—massacre them—give no quarter—pity is French nonsense—burn everything you can't carry off—take all you can, my boy—such are the rights of war—that which is conquered by the sword is well earned!' The villains! what would they not have done to us with rights of men? . . ."

"Without this idea, Baron Stein never could have obtained from Frederick William the abolition of serfdom, nor the admission of all those brutes to holding civil and military offices, nor the declaration that serfs could be landowners, nor the rights of the commons to elect their municipal magistrates, nor fifty other similar nuisances which prove the abominations we were forced to yield to.

"Never would the Hardenbergs have dared touch our good old constitution! But we were forced to it—obliged to promise liberty to the people, to grant them privileges, so-called rights; to imitate the constitution of the Jacobites in order to get the nation to sustain us and to fight the invaders with us. Ah, yes! those rascals cost us dear enough; but let them beware, we are going to train our bulldogs for the chase, to teach them to bite and to inculcate them with a pitiless hatred for the French.

"Once, the first step taken, Germany in our hands, and all the great German brutes disciplined by the rod, we will go down there and settle old scores with the scoundrels.

We will be six to one against them, and they are too stupid to expect this. We will burn their Paris—we will take Alsace, Lorraine, Champagne, Burgundy, all their territory as far as the two seas; they will work for us as their ancestors worked fourteen centuries ago for the Franks. We will extirpate the democratic spirit from the world; we will re-establish the feudal system; and the natural order of things will reign once more; the noble race of conquerors which jostled the Romans and founded all the dynasties and the aristocracy of Europe will once more master the West!"

As he spoke, the worthy man compressed his toothless jaws with fury together, his mustache stood on ends, and, suddenly taking breath, he called out to me:

"Forward—hurrah! hurrah!"

We flew along the beach. Sometimes during the summer heat his great delight was to take me to a small cove behind the ramparts of the castle, and teach me to swim. Jacob Reiss would watch us from the shore, smoking his pipe; and my grandfather, as he cut through the breakers, would turn round to throw a handful of salt at me to make me laugh. And, when we were rather far out from shore and he saw me tired, he would say:

"Come here, my boy, put your arm on my shoulder. You are tired, are you not?"

"Yes, grandfather."

"Well, then, let us go in to shore; but go slowly, without making haste. You know nothing is worse than to hurry—you don't get on, you lose your strength—the slower the better."

And so repeating, "Slowly, slowly," we reached the sand, like two fishes wriggling in the sun.

Jacob would then spread out blankets. We would sit down on them and dry ourselves. Then we would gaze at the high-seas, listen to the surf-waves rolling in along the shore, or to the boiling of the frothy surf in among the rocks. It was a moment of solemn repose, of which the recollection still gives me inexpressible pleasure after all these years. Then we would go into the castle, and old Christina would have our breakfast ready, and we would take a good glass of wine to refresh ourselves.

What education could have made me more robust, more healthy in mind and body, more ready to endure the fatigue of the noble life of a soldier, or have given me clearer ideas of life, of the difference of caste and classes, of the rights and duties of nobles, and kept me freer from the absurd theories the professors of metaphysics are so full of at the universities, and which generally reduce their pupils to the most absolute idio-cy? None! I cannot, even now, think of the care my old grandfather took to bring me up properly without feelings of tender emotion, and I am ready to acknowledge that to him alone is due all credit for my principles and connections, which I hope in some way or other to prove, according to my strength and opportunity. In those days, during the summer of 1828, the success of the good lessons I had received became evident, and gave the old gentleman inexpressible satisfaction.

He had been suffering from an old wound, which confined him to his room, stretched out in an arm-chair, and in a very bad humor, but that did not prevent his insisting on my taking my usual ride to keep up my good habits. Jacob accompanied me, and we went off on the road to Vinland. The weather was superb; they were cutting the rye in the fields; the smoke curled up in the air from the fishing-houses; a few gray sails could be seen gliding off in the distance on the horizon; the sea was as smooth as a glass. This brilliant weather made us feel very gay, of course. When we arrived near the Mulsen, as we were about crossing the little wooden bridge, we saw behind us a young man on horseback. He was about my age, in a green coat, boots with spurs, and a hunting-cap. He rode like an Englishman, leaning forward on the stirrups. His horse was a splendid bay, and he passed us on the road without looking at us, and with an air of indifference that had a touch of arrogance in it. He even permitted himself to give my horse a slight touch with his whip, which made me turn pale with rage.

"It is the eldest son of Mr. Strommaderfer, the burgomaster," said Jacob. "He has been to see their harvesty. Those great carts coming this way laden with hay are theirs. I had recognized him at once, and for some time past his countenance had displeased me."

Without hesitating a moment, I started off after him, crying out:

"Stop! stop! Wait for me! Stop!"

But he, half turning round, and looking at me with an air of derision, continued his way, going faster than ever. His horse, a larger and faster animal than mine, soon distanced me, but I could see him enter the village. Quivering all over, I waited for Jacob, and said to him:

"The son of a fishmonger dares laugh at a Von Maindorf!" Never had I felt such indignation!

"He is a brute," said the old hussar; "we must lodge complaint against him."

"Complain! To whom?"

"Before Judge Kartoffe, who would remonstrate with him."

"Which he in turn would laugh at, with the whole village. No; follow me. You shall see."

Without another word we reached Vinland. The third house in the principal street to the right was that of the Burgomaster Strommaderfer. A servant was before the door of the stable, grooming the big bay horse. This was the first thing I saw. Then, looking in the basement-window, in the bright sunshine, I saw all the family at table, the father, mother, sons, and daughters, all at dinner. It was mid-day. The table was covered with good things, laid out on a handsome white table-cloth.

I jumped down from my horse, threw the bridle to Jacob, and walked into the room with my hat on. They all looked at me amazed, and the father rose, bowing to me; but, without response on my part to his salutation, I turned to the eldest son and addressed him in the tone of a master. I said to him:

"Don't you know, you big oaf, that the horse does not make the man? Don't you know that no one can with impunity take a liberty with a Von Maindorf, or defy him, or laugh at him to his face, or run away when he orders you to wait?"

All these people were stupefied with surprise at what was going on; the old man wished to speak, asking for an explanation, but I said to him:

"Be silent! Your son has insulted me. He dared to strike my horse, and I am going to give him a lesson he will remember."

At the same time I struck the young man twice across the face with my whip, and made him howl like a cur.

"Let this teach you," said I, going off slowly, "the difference between the son of a fishmonger and the descendant of an illustrious race."

I left the house in the midst of the general consternation that followed this scene. Jacob had seen and heard it all. Nobody stirred a step after me. They were all weeping and moaning. I got on my horse, and said to the veteran:

"Come along, let us be off."

He wanted to gallop, but I held him back, repeating to him:

"Let us walk the horses, otherwise they will think we are afraid."

And at this slow pace we went out of Vinland; at the last hut only we resumed our trot.

Jacob was struck dumb with admiration. He kept at a distance behind me, as he did when he accompanied my grandfather; he, too, had understood that I was a Von Maindorf, that the age of reason had come, and that he owed me respect.

About one o'clock we reached the castle. Seeing my horse bathed in sweat, I wiped him down myself with great care before I went up-stairs.

Jacob, however, had preceded me. As I got through my task, I looked up and perceived my grandfather at the top of the staircase, leaning on the balustrade, and the old hussar standing behind him. He was waiting for me, and, in a voice full of tenderness, he cried out:

"Siegfried, my boy, come here; let me embrace you! Now I feel you have understood me, and that you are, indeed, a chip of the old block!"

I ran up the stairs to meet him. The old gentleman embraced me; then, leaning on my arm, he said, in a tone of voice I shall never forget:

"This, dear Siegfried, is the brightest day of my life! Jacob has told me all. Now I can die; the old blood of the Maindorf will outlive me in you! This is well; all the more that it seems perfectly natural—does it not?"

"Of course," I answered; "have you not told me a hundred times over that these clowns must be put in their place?"

Then his enthusiasm burst forth in an odd way; he laughed, and struck the table with his fist, saying:

"Yes, yes, yes! That is the very thing! What sort of a face did the fishmonger make?"

He! he! he! I would like to have seen his face. So he did not move? Did he say nothing?"

"Nothing; not a word. He would have taken as much himself."

Then my grandfather, becoming calm, took my hand, and said to me, with gravity:

"You have given me the greatest happiness man can feel in this world; I want to do the same toward you, and prove my esteem for you."

Then, giving old Jacob a small key, he ordered him to open a placard-closet behind the chimney, and to bring him a box he would find there. This done, he himself opened the box on the table; it was of oak, and held several objects—jewels, papers, decorations, a few old coins, and a pear-shaped mug to drink out of. He touched all these things reverently. At last he selected from among them a gold watch, and, looking at me, said:

"I give it to you; it is a costly watch, but that constitutes its least value in my eyes. This watch is a *souvenir* of my own military life. I gained it at the point of my sword, which is rather different than having bought it from some Jew with a handful of gold—you understand this, my boy?"

"Yes, grandfather," I answered, much moved.

"Well," said he, "it is yours!" The eyes of the old man filled for a moment, and we were both silent. Then he went on speaking: "On the 9th of March, 1814, on the eve of the battle of Laon, and the day after the fight at Craonne, I got that watch. I was reconnoitring with a party of my hussars in the suburbs of the city, which is built up on the heights. Jacob was there also. We went in the night-time to look for the enemy's pickets, and, when day broke, we saw at a turn in the road a few Spanish dragoons, who were doubtless doing duty of the same sort on their side. They wore large white cloaks and long beards; we had on our red dolmans. As soon as we perceived each other, we drew our swords; they threw one side of their cloaks over the shoulder; we did the same with our pelisse—and a fight began. I found myself face to face in the skirmish with the leader of the band; he tried to get a thrust at me, but fortunately I saw it in time, and, the horses having started, I went at him and pierced him through the heart. It was stupid of these dragoons to attack us, for they were not in force; but those people never doubt anything, and for that very reason we always whip them. Seven or eight of them remained dead on the field, and I lost two of my men, with one wounded. The whole affair had taken place in the twinkling of an eye. The dragoons retreated, driven back by us; but, as we heard the booming of cannon in the distance announcing that a battle was begun, I would not pursue them. But, in passing over the spot where we had fought, and seeing my man lying across the ditch, I told Jacob to get down and search him.—You remember, Jacob?"

"Yes, my commander."

"He had on this watch," continued my grandfather, "and fifty napoléons in a belt."

I distributed the money among my men, and kept the watch for myself. I wore it until I left the regiment. It marked the most sublime hour of my life—the hour when, charging at the head of my hussars on the field of Waterloo, I saw the last legions of Bonaparte routed before us! Here it is, Siegfried; always wear it, and may it mark for you hours still more glorious—may it mark the triumph of the old feudal race and the downfall of the French!"

From this day forward Otto von Maindorf treated me like a man.

A few months later I entered the school of cadets, number two. This was a new source of happiness to my good grandfather. He rejoiced at the hope of soon seeing me at the head of a company of hussars; but this final joy was denied him; on hearing of the Revolution of 1830 and the flight of Charles X., he got into such a terrible passion that he fell dead as if struck by lightning.

You can believe that this sudden and tragical death did not diminish the hatred instilled into me by the worthy old man for the French. This hatred I have always carried in my heart, increasing it, until 1870, but then it was satiated at last, and glutted with blood. . . . Wherever Colonel Siegfried passed with his hussars, he left only ruins behind! Ah! the watch of the old baron marked glorious hours in that campaign, hours such as the great feudal race had not known for centuries; why did it also mark the cursed hour of the evacuation of Paris? If old Otto von Maindorf could have come back to life, if he could have seen his ancient castle, formerly in ruins, magnificently restored and filled with spoils taken from the French, he would see with joy how I have lived to carry out his precepts—"Carry off what you can't burn!" He would weep for joy, the worthy man! But then, if he were to be told that after the conquest of France we returned home with our swords sheathed to the *Erbsfeind* (the hereditary enemy), he would cry out, "Treason!" and ask to be allowed to return to his grave in irreconcilable sorrow.

What a blunder we committed! And the man who signed this wretched treaty passes for a great statesman! . . . It was so easy then to divide France—as we did Poland—to give one piece to Italy, one to Switzerland, one to Belgium, another to Spain, to secure faithful allies, and to keep for ourselves the lion's share. . . .

Who could prevent our doing it? We had crushed all the armies of the enemy, we were masters of their country. Europe, terrified by stupendous victories, would have shut her eyes to the rest. Unhappily our leaders allowed themselves to be moved to pity by an old French burgher—they lost their coolness when tempted with millions. . . . Their souls were not equal to their successes, they laid aside the interests of the old feudal race to ally themselves with the National Liberals, the descendants of ancient serfs—and with one stroke of the pen lost what it had cost half a century to prepare for, that which their own swords had gloriously accomplished.

A JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN.

III.

X.

BESIDES the doors, our apartments had a notable population of chairs. As nearly as we could estimate, there were three chairs to each door. Why so many? There they stood, cheek by jowl, along the walls, each one inviting us to take a seat, and ponder its mystery. MacMery suggested that it had probably been the custom, from time immemorial, for each departing guest to leave a chair behind him as a *souvenir*. But I objected to this that nearly all the chairs were of the same pattern: whereas, had they been representative of different persons, they must have possessed a corresponding diversity of aspect. The good, comfortable souls would have bequeathed easy-chairs, with broad seats, plump cushions, and short hind-legs. More commonplace persons would have illustrated themselves by the ordinary armless parlor-chairs, rungless or not, according to the innate kindness of the givers' nature, and with legs and backs plain or ornamental in harmony with their simplicity or pretentiousness. Ladies of fashion would have presented luxurious *fauteuils*; lovers, a *litte-à-litte*, or, in extreme cases, an extra-large arm-chair. There would always be gourmands enough to furnish the dining-room, and wretched ascetics to do the like by the entrance-hall in the way of wooden seats and benches. Invalids and the backboneless generally would have contributed the lounges and sofas; a few lunatics would have introduced rocking-chairs; while a strong-minded woman would perhaps have indicated her ambition of bestriding society by the gift of a sawhorse. Stools and crickets would be the children's contributions; and as for the babies, it should be their province to keep the parquet flooring in repair.

The record of this sort of speculations is, chronologically at least, out of place; yet, speaking of chronology puts me in mind of the clocks, whereof our drawing-room had two, and there was an average of two-thirds of a clock to each of the other rooms. But, though all these clocks were going, no two of them ever went alike; and the consequence was that MacMery and I practically lived without any reference to time whatever. Thus, to a certain extent, we became independent of planetary changes, and perhaps got some idea as to what eternity might be like. Life at the poles must, I should fancy, be a sort of eternity in six-month installments; and our confusion of clocks brought about a similar predicament in a different way. It will be seen, at all events, what a strange, enchanter's-palace sort of place our apartment was.

But our first act was to ring for the chamber-maid. She came: an elderly, face-furrowed, rough-handed, short, and somewhat misshapen crone, bearing a water-pail no less grotesque than herself. We were not long in finding out, however, that her out-

side did not do her justice; she must have been a fairy godmother in disguise; and, this fact being admitted, the disguise lent a charm of piquancy to the fairyhood. The soul of a fine woman—a grand lady—glimmered through the harsh rind with which it was her humor to incrust herself. An undefinable grace of tone and manner, a gesture of the hand, a salutation of the countenance, a practised self-possession discernible beneath the pleasant smile—all these things could be seen through the rents of her fairy cloak. She never bandied jests or fished for rank compliments; but there was an impalpable aroma of flattery in her mode of address, and even in her way of listening to directions. Ah! but she was a thorough woman of the world, if ever I saw one. She was quietly replete with genial cynicism. There was an elusive, indescribable flavor about her of knowledge and experience—polished, refined, but naughty. Had she chosen to alter slightly the mere external features of her disguise, she would have been undetectable as a dowager-duchess—worldly, wealthy, witty, good-humored, and wicked—such a dowager as Thackeray can draw. In fact, the chambermaid *role*, admirably as she bore herself in it, was not suited to display her at her best; and I was constantly expecting to see her suddenly abandon it for a more congenial one. But she did not while we were there: she played the farce to the end, even to accepting our parting guerdon like the other servants. Only when the chamber-door closed between us for the last time did she strip off her quaint husk, and vanish, with an elfin chuckle, to some other country or planet.

I have mentioned her water-pail, and would fain convey an idea to the reader of its extraordinary conformation. But a categorical explanation is beyond me. Perhaps, since in difficult cases heroic methods are sometimes best, I might say that it reminded me—though in a wholly inexplicable manner—of a large tabby-cat “shouldering the musket.” The old lady smiled at our admiration. “Ah! you find the water-pail droll, don’t you?” She then explained to us (though not entirely to my comprehension) in what way the form helped the use. But I am inclined to stick to my first idea that the grotesque water-pail was a sort of magic appurtenance of hers—an enchanted chariot, perhaps, in which she whisked about the universe after sober humanity had gone to bed. To be sure, we afterward found plenty of apparent duplicates of this mysterious object in the city, but they may have been illusions of the eye. One hardly knows what to believe in these latter days, and it is safer to be on the incredulous side.

We took our bath, and clad ourselves in fresh raiment from top to toe; then I stepped out on the balcony which traversed the front of our apartments, and found myself face to face with a lively and agreeable prospect. Directly below, at a depth of sixty or seventy feet, lay a mile-long stretch of straight, paved street, broad, fair, and moderately active with equipages and people. Beyond lay a wide, avenued, well-kept park, with seats beneath the trees, occasional fruit-

stalls, a hint of *cafés* farther off; at a distance, fine buildings; and afar and aloft, a great four-square mountain, of compact architecture, pierced with intersecting arches, and showing penciled white against the bluish background. Methought this giant pile, which doubtless overlooked the whole city, was in great want of a noble, colossal statue to do its overlooking for it. It was a giant without a head; and a head is no less desirable to be seen than to see with. But perhaps there is a difficulty in the way of finding a head of adequate nobility. Could some one of the grand cloud-sculptures sailing over it have been solidified and set upon the decapitated shoulders, it had been a fortunate completion.

The road just below was more immediately amusing. A long-continued spell of dry weather had made artificial showers necessary, and the pavement was perambulated at short intervals, not by ordinary water-carts, but by men dragging long, thin, jointed serpents on wheels, the tails of which were in communication with subterranean springs, while their mouths sputtered sparkling arches of refreshing spray instead of venom. The snake-like appearance, from my point of view, was impressive; the wheels, or runners, which were placed at the joints, being so small as scarcely to be perceptible, while the gliding motion they produced was startlingly lifelike. Viewing the matter in this light, the men became mere accessories; and here were a lot of beneficent serpents nimbly wriggling about, in charge of keepers whose chief duty it was to restrain them from bedewing vehicles and pedestrians as well as pavements. The keepers managed their business very shrewdly; it seemed to be their peculiar delight to avoid mismanaging it by an infinitesimal quantity. “Those ladies in the phaeton have got it!—That fellow’s trousers are done for!” But no; by an apparent miracle they passed unscathed, and now the serpent was showering in an entirely different direction.

XI.

THE bath, the clean linen, the fresh air, and the entertaining prospect, were leading me to forget a little the discomfort of the abstinence, and to look forward to a possible appetite, when MacMery called to me, and, turning, I beheld him charmingly arrayed in summery garments, immaculate with white waistcoat and snowy cuffs, beckoning me toward the dining-room. I followed him thither, and lo! an exquisite breakfast, or lunch, or mingling of the two in what, had we been in France instead of El Dorado, we should have called *déjeuner à la fourchette*; glistening, smoking, silver covers, sparkling porcelain, crisp napkins, crisper rolls, an omnipresent savory fragrance of delicate viands, a crystal flagon of cool, inspiring Rhenish, and, beside it, by way of refined conclusion, toward which leisurely to work our voluptuous way, some aromatic little bundles of Honradez cigarettes. To wait on this god-like repast we had, not the three Graces, nor even Hebe; but Ganymede, in modern, full-dress costume—a very deft, comely, and obliging youth. Of course, he may not really have been Ganymede; I sometimes incline

to the belief that he was a new transformation of our fairy chamber-maid. In that case, she received double guerdon at our departure, and certainly deserved it. He or she was the youngest (apparently) of the waiters; they grew older as you went down-stairs, till, on the ground-floor, you met the oldest waiter of all, who turned out to be also the proprietor of the Dickens. It is perhaps worth remarking that the distribution of the chamber-maids was exactly in the inverse order, the youngest being on the first floor, and we, on the third, having the eldest. Or were we still the victims of delusion, and was the whole enchanted castle, so called the Dickens, populated by a single magician in a dozen different forms? Nay, what is the odds? If victims, we were victims of an enviably jocund disposition.

After the first mouthful of omelette, MacMery and I leaned back in our chairs, and contemplated each other with a sort of ecstatic gravity.

"Contong?" he said.

"Contong!" I rejoined; "je vous crois, mon garçong!"

"Boy—leave us!" said MacMery to Ganymede. "Our satisfaction is about to attain the level of the unlawful."

Lingeringly, then, did we consume that Olympian meal; while ever and anon MacMery poured the eloquent elixir glock-glock into our happy glasses. At length Ganymede came and removed all save the flagon and the cigarettes; we struck waxen matches, and sat dreamily sipping and winding slender coils of delicate Cuban smoke around our blissful heads.

"Is there anything better in El Dorado than this?" I murmured. MacMery sighed, and smiled with absent eyes. "Crown thy beaker!" said I. "Here's to ourselves! May we so live that we may not be unprepared to dine!" We drank to the lees; and MacMery quoted Lessing:

"Wann er"

—meaning the great world of inappreciative idiots—

'trinkt, ist er betrunken:
Trinken wir, wir sind begeistert!"

And, after a long time, I said:

"MacMery, we must go out and take a walk. At this rate, we shall have no appetite for dinner."

We took our hats, accordingly, and wandered earthward. At the office, MacMery accosted the well-favored landlady, and got her to change an English bank-note into El Doradoan coin. He came forth laden with a double handful of huge silver disks, which we distributed with difficulty into our several pockets, and called them cart-wheels. To how many a merry experience were they destined to trundle us!

Emerging from the hotel-door, we found ourselves in an interminable arcade, open to the street, and running its whole length. What a promenade for a rainy day! And, as if to give us the full enjoyment of it, a series of sunshiny little showers arose—descended, rather—out of a sky that was more than half blue. What a holiday humor everything was in, to be sure! We lounged along,

staring in at the endless array of shop-windows, and staring out at the endless delightful people who were passing and repassing. Were they really so delightful, or had that enchanted wine *begeistert* us to such good purpose? A shallow question. Not wine nor any other enchantment can make man esteem his fellows better than they are. No doubt, however, as MacMery said, some fellows are better than others, and these were of a particularly choice brand.

XII.

A GREAT many of them were women. They were not beautiful; few were even pretty; and yet it was a privilege and a joy to look at them, they were so tastefully and effectively dressed. Not a slovenly, not a gaudy, not a flamboyant figure among them. I do not speak of the fine ladies, whose costumes were little lyrics, exquisitely rhymed and metred; but of the every-day women—the shop-girls—the middle and lower strata. How should they come by this invariable neatness, propriety, and undemonstrative elegance? How by this carriage of the body, quiet yet stylish, coquettish yet demure? Even the elderly females, who cruised about with baskets of gingerbread and oranges, wore spotless white caps, and displayed tight, blue-worsted ankles. "Nowhere, Mac," I exclaimed, not even in Paris, have I seen anything to surpass this uniform excellence of attire. I feel myself a better as well as a happier man since coming here."

"You are not the first who has said as much," he replied; "in fact, there's a legend about that some of the best folks going come here when they die, and live happy ever after. A thoroughly well-dressed woman is a heavenly object, and a city full of them must make a sort of heaven, I suppose."

"MacMery, are we dead? did you throw me overboard from that steamer, and jump after me? If so, it would explain a good many odd things that have been puzzling me since we came here—among others, my inability to guess where we are. Confess! I shan't be angry; and I suppose you can't be hanged in this country."

But he shook his head. "You've no right to ask. If you are having a good time, it's none of your present business whether you're murdered or not. A good time, and ignorance of your whereabouts, were all I engaged to furnish you with. What if we are dead? Have you never heard of a case of suspended animation? Depend upon it, we'll be brought to after a while."

"I rather hope," I remarked, "that our bodies have not been rescued. If reports may be trusted, recovery from drowning is a very painful process. If I complain of neuralgia or gout or heart-disease or dyspepsia, you will greatly oblige me by murdering me again promptly. It would save—time, if nothing else!"

"I won't promise," said MacMery; "there's Mrs. Hedgely and the children, you know. If you want to be murdered again, you must commit suicide."

In the midst of the soothing impression brought about by the peaceful and smiling aspect of things and people, I happened to

look across the road, and saw, on the other side, a range of jagged and smoke-blackened ruins. There was something peculiarly sinister in the spectacle. It spoke not merely of disaster, but of anarchy and violence as well. Here were the footprints of hate and ferocity marring the fair highway of friendly cheerfulness. Like Robinson Crusoe, I started at the sight, and mused anxiously who could have been the footprinters. Had an enemy sacked this beautiful city and despoiled its noble features? If so, why had his vandalism been directed against this palace alone—for these ruins were manifestly palatial—and not rather against the homes of commerce and the great nerve-centres of city life? What quarrel had he with mere beauty and magnificence, to the exclusion of all the deeper and more vital parts? No—this enemy must have come from within. There were spite, jealousy, and fanaticism in his work: an intimate knowledge, leading to most intimate and partial hatred. He warred, not against material prosperity, but against rank and monopoly of power; because the former seemed to him a tangible reality, which himself might grasp; the latter, an abstraction, without logical foundation, which he might annihilate. Well, he did annihilate the outward embodiment of rank and monopoly, and left the external frame of material prosperity standing; but he could do no more than this; and possibly he may subsequently have had occasion to suspect that the final result of his efforts was nearly the reverse of what he had intended. The palace is in ruins, but the plan survives uninjured, and some where or other are brick and mortar and willing hands enough to build a stronger and grander one than this that was overthrown. Meanwhile, yonder stand the market and exchange, visibly unscathed; but I fancy the flames of the sacked palace may unawares have withered their solid complacency a little, nevertheless.

At intervals along the shattered walls was inscribed a shibboleth consisting of three words, whose meaning I could not make out; so I presently applied to MacMery for an explanation of them.

"They have three meanings," he replied: "a literal and two hidden ones. The second, or first hidden, meaning directly contradicts the apparent or literal reading; while the third, or second hidden, significance is a sort of indirect derivation from the foregoing. The literal rendering I need not further enlarge upon. The first hidden meaning may be paraphrased by Slavery—Injustice—Hostility. The indirect derivative has a parallel in our own proverb—We cut off our noses to spite our faces."

"And who are they," I further inquired, "who have committed this barbarous outrage upon their own countenances, and against their truest interests?"

"They are all around us. These neat, cheerful, well-dressed, polite persons were among the savage destroyers. That gay young fellow with the clean blouse and intelligent eye plied the pick against yonder wall, and flung the gilded furniture out through the plate-glass windows of the state saloon. That handsome young woman in

the pony phaeton, with the lapdog and the tortoise-shell eye-glasses, carried the torch which set the half-sacked ruin on fire. This peaceable tinsmith, whose shop we are passing, cut the stencil plate for the mystic inscription; and the bootblack on the opposite corner used up his whole stock of Day and Martin to print the same upon the wall. Even the old apple-and-gingerbread lady, who smiled and courtesied so pleasantly just now, was one of the frantic crew, and committed horrible enormities."

"What a revelation!" I exclaimed, gazing around me with new eyes. "These people are like their shibboleth—what is latent in them gives the lie to what is patent. Which is the truth?"

XIII.

AFTER a while our endless arcade came to an end; and, passing through some narrower and irregular streets, we found ourselves approaching a river, which MacMery affirmed to be the same whose acquaintance we had made early that morning. Be that as it might, its aspect was now so altered that its own mother would not have known it. It was no longer a divine child, sporting at will amid green hills and valleys; but a strait-laced, business-like, hurrying city-gentleman, with many murky secrets in his bosom. His course now lay between high stone-walls, and was overshadowed by so many bridges that he might almost as well have pursued his way through a tunnel. Nevertheless, the architecture of both bridges and embankments was handsome, and in most compact and irreproachable repair. On either bank an elegant street took up its line of march; and innumerable patient enthusiasts were fishing with preternaturally long fishing-rods down into the impetuous waters which eddied far beneath them. From what I saw of their sport, I should say that the fishes had a better chance at them than they at the fishes; those high embankments, dipping smooth and sheer into the swift current, were admirably adapted to facilitate the angler's falling in, and to prevent him from getting out again; and, on the other hand, I think neither MacMery nor I, after much persistent watching, ever saw one of the gentle fraternity capture a fish. Yet there they leaned, elbow to elbow, from one end of the city section of the river to the other, early, at noonday, and late, every one of them in apparent momentary expectation of a bite. MacMery suggested that the fish had probably surfeited themselves on the drowned corpses of the fishermen and others who had lost their balance at the wrong moment. The idea set us thinking; and the consequence was, that not one of our bills of fare while in this city, how complete soever in other respects, ever happened to comprise an ichthyic entry.

Besides the anglers there were the primitive establishments of second-hand-book hawkers, in whose stock, it is to be hoped, the anglers occasionally found relaxation from their toil, though it is certain they never could have paid for the privilege out of their creels. Floating, anchored in the river itself, were extensive swimming-baths, where

I trust there were professorships in the art of saving the drowning; and moored to the bank was a vast laundry, where hundreds of stout-armed females were forever invoking the assistance of the river to cleanse the impurities from their garments. Washer-women are a sort of priestesses; and their rites are enviably efficacious. Their prayers are soap and water, and their converts are clean linen; and the least of them is more successful, in her way, than the most eloquent of our would-be spiritual purifiers in his. Why is this? And why, again, are washer-women commonly so short-tempered and uncomfortable, and so often the reverse of cleanly in their own persons? Can it be that the removing other people's dirt makes us the dirtier? I am speaking, of course, as a washer-woman, and reject the spiritual phase of the inquiry most explicitly. And yet, how odd analogies sometimes are!

We crossed one of the bridges (it was pretty nigh as broad as it was long, and built, like all its sisters, of a handsome, fair-toned stone), and in a few minutes had wandered into a moderate-sized square, and were staring up at the broad façade of an ancient Gothic cathedral. It was blackened by the good and bad weather of hundreds of years, and sculptured as finely as a steel engraving. It struck me, however, as being deficient in height; the twin towers that rose on either side had a truncated look. This, indeed, may have been in consequence of my lowly point of view; and all lofty edifices would be open to a similar objection. To appreciate them properly, the spectator should grow to a height equal to about one-fourth the altitude of the building he is called upon to admire; or else retire to such a distance that all the beauty of the details is lost upon him. Neither of these expedients is free from objection; and, unless the architect disregards actual for apparent symmetry, and makes his façade or his dome too high, in order that it may seem high enough, there is no help for it. But why should anything (except isolated towers and steeples) ever be carried up to such an impracticable height? The Parthenon is high enough for beauty, and it would be well if no temple of subsequent times had gone higher. Nothing in architecture is quite satisfactory which has to ask your pardon for not appearing to advantage under all circumstances. The more beauty it has, the less we feel disposed to make allowances.

However, since Gothicism does exist, I admit that the particular façade possessed transcendent merits. In spite of its fine fret-work, the main features were large and simple; the carving was like a rich lace veil pressed close upon a noble countenance. Above the three pointed arches of the doorways the broad front was traversed horizontally by a row of niches, tenanted—save half a dozen at either extremity—by a goodly array of saints. This holy band served as a well-marked division-line between the lower and upper section of the façade—the latter containing the great central rose-window flanked by two arched ones; above these, another transverse filigree of delicate arches, airily interlacing their graceful arms; and then, still eminent, the towers, whose lines,

descending vertically to the foundation, revealed the grand simplicity of the construction. Nevertheless, the thing would look better in a good photograph, where it could all be taken in at once, than in reality. I am thus bold in criticism because, the object of my remarks being out of the reach (it is to be supposed) of ordinary tourists, I need fear no gainsayer.

But the interiors of this sort of buildings generally repay perusal; so MacMery and I pulled off our hats and went in. The first persons we met were the tall, mild man and the curly-haired, intrusive man with whom we had begun our journey in London. They had just made the rounds of the building, and were on their way out; we passed one another with a silent gesture of recognition, and there was doubtless cause for congratulation that the encounter took place amid the estranging influences of a church instead of—say—in the familiar precincts of a *café*. But how did these two men contrive to force their way to El Dorado? I could understand the Sisters of Mercy, who were little more than starched hoods and religious principles—I could understand their penetrating anywhere—but what to think of these beef-and-beer cockneys? I put my friend to the question. Was it that our steamer foundered on the voyage and disembarrassed the whole list of passengers of their fleshly integuments, leaving them, as well as us, free to make their way to the fabled city? But MacMery would not explain.

XIV.

AFTER all, I cannot describe this sublime interior. A cool, dim atmosphere of peace; soft, whispering echoes; the grand lift and sweep of an ordered forest of stone-pines, beside whose vast, fluted stems men looked tiny; the jeweled glow of gorgeous windows, making a mingled splendor on the marble pavements; mysterious vistas beneath shadowy arches; a divine freedom of fretted roof, toward which the spirit soared like thought—all these things are familiar to cathedral-goers. We enjoyed them all, and then emerged to the prosaic heaven, taking care not to give anything to the ecclesiastical beggar who held his tin cup ready at the door. A Gothic ruin is always better than a Gothic preservation. After we got out I asked MacMery, who, being fresh from America, was not called upon to be conventional on such subjects, what was his opinion of the great church.

"Well," said he, leaning on his umbrella and frowning critically, "in the first place, you know, such things as this ought always to stand alone—no other building within a mile of them. What do they always put them in the midst of cities for? As to this particular cathedral—look at those flying buttresses round the stern! There's more stuff in them than in the walls they pretend to support; they make the poor old shanty look like an octopus seizing its prey."

"You can't, at all events, find any fault with this façade," interrupted I, rather impatiently.

"It's very fine," he assented; "but you see that row of saints above the door?" I

noded. "Are they saints?" he continued. "Because, the last night I was in New York, I went to hear the negro-minstrels, and, when the curtain rose, a row of just such looking fellows as these—just as well drilled and just as black—all stood up together and made a bow. This is a larger troupe; but in other respects I prefer the New-Yorkers."

MacMery said this to shock me, and in expectation of an indignant protest; but I determined to disappoint him.

"You put me in mind," I said, "of the Catholic Church in Dresden, which stands in the Palais Platz, between the palace and the old bridge. It is of a long, oval plan, and has a second story of the same proportions, but smaller. At the eastern end there is a tower or steeple. Altogether, you see, it looks very much like a Mississippi steamboat, with deck-house and smoke-stack complete. Then, all round the bulwarks, and round the top of the deck-house, are rows of statues standing out against the sky. They are all black, of course; and at night, when the moon shines, you can hardly believe they are not the entire negro crew on the lookout for snags."

"Look here!" exclaimed my friend, much pleased, "when you write your book on Dresden, you must put that in."

"I love Dresden too well to write about her as she deserves," I replied; and so we recrossed the bridge, or another exactly like it, and were again in the heart of the city.

In truth, however, this city has no heart, as London has. You always seem to be coming to it, but you never get there. It lies a few blocks off; turn down that narrower street, and you will find yourself in the midst of it. But no; the narrower street merges into a broader one, and now the heart of the city seems to lie behind us again. This deficiency is, perhaps, the one fault with which the great metropolis is chargeable; and it is the more a fault from being an unnatural one. Some quack-physician or other must have had a theory that hearts were unwholesome things, and accordingly, by a clever operation, have eliminated the visible centre of vitality from this mighty organism. But it will grow again, in spite of quacks; and with it will grow the depth, and warmth, and mystery, that are lacking now.

It is too smooth, clean, and beautiful, quite to satisfy every instinct of complex humanity. There is not an evil odor, not a dirty or ill-drained street from one end of it to the other. The narrower and crooked lane you find yourself in, the nearer, be sure, are the broad streets and squares. MacMery and I once spent half a day in the deliberate attempt to find a disreputable, dirty, and sinister-looking district. We hunted high and low, on one side of the river and on the other, but without success. Places there were, no doubt, in plenty, where the sun of virtue and morality shone dimly and but seldom, if at all; but what I mean is, there were no such reeking mazes as Houndsditch or Whitechapel in London, or as our own Five Points neighborhood. No—nothing approaching it. I could almost affirm that the least presentable quarter here was better

than the fairest that New York, or even smug little Boston, can boast.

And yet there is an abundance of vivid, bustling, laughing, excited life here, go where you will. MacMery and I presently came to a spacious square, the greater part of whose area was taken up by a mighty, many-columned temple of gray stone. The approach was by a broad flight of stone steps, extending all across the front of the edifice, and flanked on either hand by a half-recumbent statue.

The building was as simple both in design and ornament as it could well be. The smooth pillars were about forty feet in height, but, except the massive entablature, they supported nothing but an ordinary hip-roof. The square was full of people, but within the iron railing which surrounded the building they stood and moved as close as ants; and still more thickly beset were the steps, and the broad space about the columns. And what a sound, and flurry, and gabble, and gesticulation, and deep consultation, and hastening in and out, and bewildering earnestness about something! Surely some vital and eternal desideratum was to be had here; this was the shrine of a religion worth attending to.

"We must have been mistaken, just now," I remarked to my companion; "this is the cathedral—not that empty, silent structure on the other side of the river. It is here that the soul of humanity finds its home. See how eager the devotees are, and how innumerable! How excited some are—they are in the hope of grace, but have not yet got their hands upon it. And mark the exultation of others! They have won the everlasting good. But look at that poor fellow leaning against yonder column, with his arms hanging at his sides, and his knitted brow bent earthward. Alas! what black sin has he to answer for, that forbids him to hope for that divine happiness and favor which so many of his brethren aspire to or enjoy?"

"What the devil are you going on about, Hegdely?" demanded my friend, in a shout; for it was only with difficulty that we could hear each other speak. "Let's toddle inside," he added, "and see how they do it."

We pushed our way amid backs, breasts, and shoulders tightly wedged, were exuded through an all-too-narrow doorway, and found ourselves in a vast, open hall, sky-lit from above. A gallery encircled the area, about thirty feet over our heads. The floor on which we stood was alive and crawling with the hydra-headed multitude. Two concentric circles of railing, in the centre of the room, ringed in a place wherein certain of the high-priests and elders stood at their ease and paced unruffled—an oasis of peace and quiet in the mid-turmoil and howl of the indiscriminate wilderness without. There was one individual in particular, seated or standing (it was impossible to say which) at a small desk, the calmness of whose features and the deliberateness of whose movements were in almost revolting contrast to the frantic prayers, and protestations, and wild gesticulations of the raging sinners who hurried up with outstretched hands and necks

around him. To look at him I should have supposed he was in the noiseless solitude of a secluded oratory. He was a comfortable, easy-looking little personage, with a remarkably - composed carriage of the eyebrows. He wrote something on little scraps of paper, and occasionally bent over to hear or make a complacent remark. This man was evidently a pope; he held in his hands the keys of human salvation, and was confoundingly nonchalant, apparently, about using them. It was most edifying to observe him. I wondered whether other high-priests got to be so familiar with the frenzied appeals of their fellow-beings as to deal with them in this contented and leisurely manner. I wondered whether he had ever been among the unregenerate himself. It was a deeply-fascinating spectacle—I could have pondered over it unwearied for hours. Here, at last, I saw mankind thoroughly in earnest. It must be worth while to belong to such a religion as this. There was no nonsense about it—no empty forms—no scantiness of attendance—no coldness of sentiment. Heaven must be very near such worshippers as these. What the soul so passionately desires and so ardently and constantly pursues, that, be sure, it shall obtain.

XV.

WE came out at length, dizzy and depressed from the whirl and intensity of what we had seen. There had been more food for reflection here than in many hollow-hearted cathedrals. But, after walking a few blocks, we began, with the invincible levity of our race, to recover our spirits, and moreover to discover that we were once more the owners of an appetite. It was now verging toward dusk; and the shops were closing, while the many *cafés* were lighting up. The El Doradoan capital is remarkable for the number and sumptuousness of its saloons; and the broad, stately streets on which they most do congregate, with their lordly, tree-planted sidewalks and macadamized pavements, reminded me frequently of the brilliant boulevards of Vienna and Paris. Tables were set outside the doors, at which sat hundreds of men and women, fine and ordinary, sipping cool beverages, nibbling light eatables, and chattering interminable conversation. And most of the men sweetened their words with cigarette-smoke. The waiters were numerous and obliging, and withal inclined to be on friendly terms with those on whom they waited.

At length we paused opposite one of the handsomest of these genial palaces, and agreed to make trial of its cheer, instead of returning to our Dickens. It was desirable to see as many phases of El Doradoan life as our time admitted us to do, and this phase promised to be not entirely without its attractions. We entered accordingly, and were conducted by a zealous attendant to a small private room on the first floor—a corner room, with a view from the windows up and down the street. It was furnished in satin and crimson velvet; well provided with gilded mirrors, and with a choice of sofas or easy-chairs on which to recline at the feast. We handed our hats and umbrellas to the zealous attend-

ant, sat down on opposite sides of the immaculate tablecloth with a sigh of satisfaction, and called for the bill of fare.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

A TERRIBLE INDICTMENT.

THERE comes to us, fresh from the London press, a book¹ which at the present moment is calculated to stir the resentments and arouse the wonder of the Christian world. It is not that stories of cruelties inflicted by the Mussulman upon Christians, or pictures of corruption and sensualism among the Turks, are new; but there are occasions when facts long feebly heeded suddenly assume significance and vivid force—times when the spirit awakens to crimes and wrongs that the ear in a half-sleepy state has been familiar with for years. In truth, we really only hear that which we heed; and just now the gallant struggles in the far East against Turkish oppression stimulate our attention to records of barbarities that we sometimes have imagined belong wholly to the past.

The volume before us is a timely publication. It is written by one long familiar with the people and the government of Turkey and its provinces; and the object is to give the public "a fair insight into the present condition of the Turks and the Christians, and by that means to awaken the sympathies of the English public" (and other publics, let us trust) "on behalf of the oppressed rayahs of Turkey." So speaks the author in his preface. He tells us that, "while in Russia, Germany, Austria, and Italy, the public mind has been horrified at the atrocities committed on the Herzegovinians, and deeply moved by the sufferings of the unfortunate refugees who are outcasts from their homes, and have sought a refuge in Croatia, Dalmatia, and Montenegro, England looks calmly on and manifests little or no concern in the misfortunes of the Christian states of Eastern Europe."

This want of sympathy is attributed to the little knowledge of the subject existing in that country, and the author is assured that, when the facts are known, "Englishmen will no longer stand aloof, but, on the contrary, will lend their aid to the Christians of Turkey in their legitimate endeavors to obtain equal rights with their Mussulman fellow-subjects."

This is the purpose of Mr. Farley's book. It is our design, inasmuch as the work has not been presented to the American public, to glean from its pages such passages as will tend to exhibit the condition of things in that far country, the causes of the obvious decline of Turkey, and the nature of those oppressions under which the people, and especially those of the Christian provinces, suffer. It is a strange and startling story.

With great richness of soil, and many signs and tokens of mineral wealth, Turkey is now bankrupt both in character and means.

It is natural to inquire why. The causes are to be found—first, in the permanent state of hostility existing between the Mussulman and Christian populations arising out of the injustice and oppression which the former exercise over the latter; secondly, in the degeneration of the Turk since he first began to borrow from Western civilization all that it had to give in the way of vice and immoderate luxury; thirdly, in the fabulous extravagances of the sultan and the monstrous system of cheating practised in every department of the state; and, lastly, in the general state of corruption and degradation into which all public functionaries are plunged, and which prevents all probability of improvement.

The picture that Turkey presents to-day is, according to our author, the most melancholy that history records:

"A country unequaled in the world for its natural wealth, with thousands of acres of its best soil untillied, its forests unproductive, its minerals unworked; without a carriage-road, a canal, or navigable river in the empire; with a people—honest, patient, and laborious—in one province dying in thousands from famine and disease, and in another fighting for liberty and life, against an oppression no longer to be endured; with a monarch and a government centralized at Constantinople, utterly regardless of the widespread misery they have produced; with an accumulation of foreign debt which precludes all hope for the future; with a sensuous and corrupt oligarchy, whose principal thought is that of enriching themselves at the expense of the state; and with a crowd of Armenian usurers, at the capital and in the provinces, who pander to the corruption and peculation of the Turkish functionaries, because by such means they themselves become millionaires."

The corruption that prevails among the officials is described in graphic sentences:

"It exists in every department of the state, from the highest to the lowest. The employés are numbered by thousands, the majority of whom have been employed in every menial occupation in the households of the different pashas who have from time to time filled the post of minister; these men are ill paid, and are consequently obliged to secure a livelihood by any and every means at their command. No business can be transacted at a public department without bribing the subordinates, while the country is deprived of the muscle of a vast number of men who would be far more worthily occupied in tilling the soil than in earning the right, by every conceivable baseness and humiliation, to watch for the crumbs that fall from the great man's table. Every pasha's house swarms with crowds of parasites, very few of whom receive regular wages, but the majority of whom are fed and clothed, getting every now and then an occasional backsheesh; all waiting until they can be placed in some public employment, to which they are no sooner nominated than from unpaid servants they become wealthy functionaries of the state."

The notion, recently common both in England and America, that great progress has been made in Turkey during the past twenty years, is scouted as a delusion.

"Talking indifferent French is not progress; wearing Saxony-cloth clothes, instead of cashmere robes, is not progress; lighting a few streets in the capital with gas, and macadamizing a road that leads to a palace, is not progress; printing

Hatt-y-Hunrayoums, which are dead letters, is not progress; adopting the Code Napoléon, and travestying it, is not progress; publishing an advertisement that the sultan will not be liable for the debts of his harem, after he knows those debts are incurred, is not progress; getting drunk on champagne or on brandy is not progress; neither is it progress to publish a budget which is a lie, or to make promises that are never intended to be fulfilled."

Mr. Farley does not attribute the condition of things in Turkey to Islamism. It is a matter of race rather than of faith. The laws of the Koran have not been found in former times a bar to progress. When the Christian West was still sunk in comparative barbarism and ignorance, the Mussulman East was the home of civilization, of literature, of science, and of art:

"Under the reign of the caliphs, commerce and civilization made greater progress in two centuries than the world had ever seen before. The cities were embellished, an architecture of the highest order lent its charm to the buildings, and everything that human ingenuity could accomplish was effected for the prosperity and welfare of the country. Our histories contain accounts of the presents sent to Charlemagne by the great Haroun-al-Raschid, that prince who has ever been, to our imagination, the embodiment of all that is grand, wonderful, and magnificent. Among these presents were perfumes of every kind, a profusion of pearls and jewels, an elephant richly caparisoned for war, and a clock, which appeared a wonder in Europe, and which was placed in the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle. Haroun-al-Raschid, although he had to pay an army of five hundred thousand men, and had built many palaces in different parts of his empire, was yet able to give his son, Al-Mamoun, two million four hundred thousand *denarii* of gold; and, when the latter was married, they placed upon the head of his bride a thousand pearls of the purest water, and opened a lottery, in which each prize gained either a house or a piece of land. Al-Mamoun was the Augustus of Islamism. But all the glories of the caliphs vanished before the hordes of Othman; and with the occupation of the country by the Turks set in a gloomy night of darkness, unrelieved, during now more than three hundred years, by a single ray of light, or the faintest gleam of hope. This horde of Tartars, descending from the fastnesses of the Altai range into the fair plains of Asia Minor and Syria, rushed like tigers upon their prey. They laid waste, far and near, with fire and sword, destroying utterly whatever they could not appropriate, setting fire to whatever would burn, and razing to the ground whatever could be overturned. Statues, buildings, books, all shared in one common destruction; every work of art and every useful contrivance, the appliances of science and the implements of trade, all disappeared together, like a crop of vegetation after a visit of locusts. They found a garden, but they made a desert."

And what the Turks were five hundred years ago we are assured they are to-day. In the nineteenth century there is the same picture of destruction and decay:

"Large tracts of what was a smiling and a fruitful land, cultivated with all the care of garden husbandry, and rivaling for beauty the best parts of the plains of Lombardy and of Flanders, have now become portions of the desert. From the shores of the Bosphorus, under the fairest sky, amid the most beautiful scenery, with a soil the most fertile of any in the world, surrounded by the ruins of ancient glory and civilization, the

¹ *Turks and Christians: A Solution of the Eastern Question.* By J. Lewis Farley, Author of "Modern Turkey," "The Massacres of Syria," "Decline of Turkey," etc. London: Simpson, Marshall & Co. 1876.

traveler now may wander for more than a hundred miles without meeting with a trace of the dwellings of man, save here and there the ruins which his horse tramples under its hoofs. If he asks for the inhabitants, he will hear only of graves, of heartless massacres, and of terrible martyrdoms on a gigantic scale, with pashas for the executioners, and grand-viziers for the instigators. The desert is rapidly encroaching on the fertile land, and the sand is covering what was, a quarter of a century ago, the abode of industrious and happy peasants. The land was 'as the garden of Eden;' it is now 'a desolate wilderness.'"

A comparison at the present moment between Egypt and Turkey exhibits the difference between the Arab and the Tartar or Turkish race. In Egypt the wealth of the country is increasing, while Alexandria and Cairo are fast becoming cities of palaces. The harbor of Alexandria is crowded with shipping; it is more like a European than an Eastern city, with its new docks, and its warehouses filled with produce. And then the land, irrigated by the Nile's overflow, or by means of machinery, teems with rich crops of wheat, barley, maize, flax, cotton, coffee; steam-ploughs are at work in cotton cultivation, and every mechanical aid to production made use of to increase the wealth of the people of the country.

Turn from this picture to the one that follows. The external aspect of Constantinople is superb. But Nature has done everything, while man, at least the Turk, has done nothing:

"The first view of Constantinople, on rounding Seraglio Point, as the morning breaks in calm beauty over the Anatolian Hills, and the sun tips with gold the countless minarets of Stamboul, is, perhaps, one of the most exquisite in the universe. On one side, the glorious Bosphorus; on the other, the Sea of Marmora; in the far distance, the mountains of Bithynia, and the snow-crowned summit of Mount Olympus; in front, Scutari, the ancient Chrysopolis, with its melancholy-looking cypress-groves; then Kadiköy, the ancient Chalcedon; and, nearer, the beautiful panorama from Seraglio Point, past the Sublime Porte, the mosques of Saint Sophia, of Sultans Achmet, Bajazet, Solymán, and Mahmoud, the tower of the Seraskierat, the ruined aqueduct to Eyoub, and the dark cypresses of 'the place of a thousand tombs.'"

"Yes! it is a charming scene. To see Constantinople, however, you should enter the Golden Horn from the Sea of Marmora, steam up the Bosphorus, and out by the Black Sea. Then, the remembrance of its beauty will remain forever like a dream that cannot be forgotten. But once place your foot on shore, and the illusion vanishes. You see the Turks, you see ill-paved and ill-lighted streets; you see filth, corruption, and decay. Look at the country itself, and what will you behold? You will behold its mountain-ranges covered with forests, fitted for all the purposes of modern trade, totally unutilized; its vast mineral resources of coal, iron, copper, and lead, as well as the ores of many of the more valuable metals, lying dormant and unheeded; its fertile plains and genial slopes, in many districts, untilled and fallow; its splendid waterfalls expending their force in seething foam, instead of contributing to the necessities of modern civilization; its rivers 'snagged;' its harbors what Nature made them; its roads but the tracks over which pass, with difficulty, the donkey and the camel."

In Turkey, we are told, it is fanaticism that rules, caprice that governs, incapacity

that administers. Under the empire of the Crescent, to govern is to plunder and oppress. While the evils are known, it is difficult to apply a remedy, because the entire empire is tainted with corruption. The sultan himself is imbued with all the prejudices and the faults of the nation. In former times, the Ottoman princes were intrusted with the government of the provinces. But they often raised the standard of revolt, and the consequence was, that they were in the sixteenth century precluded from being invested with any command, and were doomed to pass their lives in the seraglio. The law, doubtless, saved the empire from many revolutions, but it inaugurated a reign of weak, debauched, and inexperienced sultans.

"According to Mussulman law, the eldest male member of the house of Othman ascends the throne upon the death of a sultan. This law possesses the advantage of preventing a regency during the minority of a boy, but its strict observance has been frequently evaded, and in a manner peculiar to the Turks, as the new sultan generally caused all his male relatives to be put to death. Even the male child of a female member of the family was not allowed to live. When Mohammed III. ascended the throne, he caused his nineteen brothers to be strangled, and the first act of Mahmoud II., the father of the present sultan, was the murder of his brother. On the day after the accession of Mahmoud II., thirty-three heads were exposed on the gate of the seraglio, and, lest any of the women of his predecessor's harem should be *enceinte*, he ordered them all, to the number of eight hundred, to be sewed up in leathern sacks and cast into the Bosphorus."

Born originally for active life, to lead great herds into the steppes, to carry war and pillage among their neighbors, the Turks have become enervated under the influence of the civilization they overran. Powerful to destroy, they have ever been powerless to construct. They assimilated many of the vices of the Byzantine corruption, but they borrowed nothing useful or good from the civilization of Greece. Industry and art are foreign to them. They know no pleasure more delicate than the grimaces of buffoons, lascivious dances, and spectacles of revolting obscenities. They have become effeminate without ceasing to be barbarous.

There is scarcely a page in Turkish history, says this stern judge, that might not be written in characters of blood, and the fanatic Turk is the same to-day that he ever has been. The recital of his barbarities toward the Christians would fill many vol-

umes. The assertion of some is, that these are but the records of former times, and that the Turk is now more civilized. This, according to our author, is not the case, as the massacres of Scio, of Syria, and of Crete, as well as the cruelties now being perpetrated in Herzegovina, fully testify. It is the history of these suffering Christians that our readers are likely, of all the contents of the volume before us, to be most interested in, and we therefore purpose devoting the rest of our space to this portion of Mr. Farley's theme.

Mr. Farley devotes a long chapter to "Turkish administration." Corruption and oppression, it would seem, prevail everywhere, the main object of the entire system apparently being to extort money from the people. The empire is divided into vilayets, or governments-general, each of which is administered by a pasha, who is nominated by the Porte. These vilayets are again divided into sandjaks, governed by kaimakams, or lieutenant-governors. The sandjaks are subdivided into kazas, or districts, placed under the rule of mudirs, who frequently hold their appointment from the governor-general, and the kazas, again, are divided into nahizéhs, composed of villages or hamlets.

These various departments are organized mainly for the collection of taxes. The places are usually without emoluments, but are nevertheless eagerly sought for, because of the opportunity they afford for peculation. The system falls heavily upon all of the people, but it is peculiarly oppressive to the Christian, who seems to have no rights which the Moslem is bound to regard. In Bosnia and Herzegovina the burdens of the Christians have been almost beyond endurance:

"The tithe is now the sixth, the third, and frequently the half of the produce of the soil; and when the government has satisfied its claims, enormously increased by the cupidity of the tax-gatherers, the Moslem beys, in their turn, claim their feudal dues. They take from the Christian rayah a third of his crop of wheat, barley, oats, vegetables, fruits, etc., besides the half of his hay, and they compel each family to sow twenty oaks of wheat for their special use. When the bey travels, he quarters himself on the unfortunate rayah, who is compelled to maintain him and his followers. The bey makes his own bill of fare, selects the animals to be killed, and conducts himself as master of the house and all in it, even to the wife and daughter of the Christian if he have either unfortunate enough to be sufficiently attractive. In a recent letter, the correspondent of the *Times* says: 'I questioned the people as to their special grievances, and they all said the same thing—the Turks robbed them, took whatever they wanted, their animals, whatever they had in their houses, and even their daughters, when they took a fancy to them, and they never saw them any more.'

"Neither the property, the honor, nor the life of a Christian is secure in Turkey. The state of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, especially, is a state of inextricable disorder, of general pillage and tyranny, of which Englishmen can have no conception, and from which the only relief is to be found in an appeal to arms. The Christian rayah is a mere slave, whose labor and whose life are at the disposal of his Mussulman oppressor, who does not even spare the wife or daughter of his victim. The evidence of a

¹ "One of the most remarkable sights on the Bosphorus is that of the clouds of birds which fly constantly backward and forward, between the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora. These singular birds fly rapidly, and in perfect stillness, from the Euxine to the Propontis, where they instantly turn and wend their way back to the Black Sea; arrived there, they wheel again, and return to the Sea of Marmora; and thus, from day-dawn till twilight, from day to day, and from month to month, they come and go along the channel without any apparent end or aim—without an instant's repose, without food, and without the slightest deviation from their course. No instance of one of these birds having been picked up dead has ever occurred; and so mysterious and unearthly are their habits, that they have obtained the appellation of the 'damned souls.' They are, in fact, believed to be the souls of the women and children that have been drowned in the Bosphorus!"

Christian against a Turk is inadmissible in the courts, and the murder of a Christian, or the violation of a Christian woman, is absolutely unnoticed by the law."

Mr. Farley relates, as an instance of the indignities suffered by the Christian inhabitants, the following thrilling story of a celebrated Bulgarian bandit, Koushtchou Oglou:

"Many years ago, when Koushtchou was a young man, his personal beauty and skill in all athletic exercises made him a universal favorite, and the village girls used all their arts to attract him. His choice fell on a beautiful maiden named Mitza, whose parents, poor but respectable peasants of an adjoining village, fully approved his suit. All went well for a time, and preparations were made for the betrothal of the young couple; but, unfortunately, Koushtchou was called away to a distant district on business, and Mitza went with her father to work in a field belonging to a wealthy Turkish pasha in the vicinity. The pasha was struck with her beauty and innocence, and he seized and violated her. His passion, however, was short-lived, and he soon abandoned the unfortunate Mitza. Meanwhile, Koushtchou, having earned a sufficient sum to enable him to marry, returned to his village and claimed the hand of his betrothed. Mitza dreaded to tell her lover of her shame, and made no objection to his proposal, and the ceremony of betrothal, which, in Bulgaria, is held to be almost as binding as that of marriage, was performed in the presence of all the principal people of the village. But she could not long conceal her disgrace. The consequences were terrible. Her father died of shame and grief; she became a maniac, and still wanders about the hills, an object of fear and adoration to the superstitious peasants, who look upon idiots as sacred; and Koushtchou fled to the hills, vowing vengeance against the Turks.

"Since then he has led the life of a sort of Bulgarian *Fra Diavolo*. Accompanied by a devoted band of followers, he scoured the whole country, killing every Turk he met, and imposing contributions on his countrymen to support him in his lawless pursuits. His popularity among the women contributed greatly to the impunity with which he carried on his depredations. In every village there was a girl who acted as his accomplice, informing him whenever a rich Turk happened to be passing through, and warning him against the approach of the troops. He soon obtained such a reputation among the villagers that they never thought of resisting his demands for food, clothing, or money for his band, especially as it was known that he appropriated a considerable proportion of his booty to the maintenance of churches, the relief of the poor, and other charitable objects. An attempt was once made by the government to capture him through another bandit, named Hussein, who was then confined in a Turkish prison. Hussein was liberated, and promised a large reward if he would betray his former chief; but he only joined his former companions, and, being captured a second time, was burned alive by the troops. The attempts made last year to stir up an insurrection in Bulgaria were to a great extent carried out with Koushtchou's co-operation. The Cossacks pursued him for months all over the Balkan, and succeeded in breaking up his band and capturing its principal chiefs; but they failed to catch Koushtchou himself. On one occasion an old Turkish woman came to them with a Bulgarian priest, saying that she knew the bandit's hiding-place, and was in the habit of bringing him bread and brandy every day; but when the troops came to the spot the bird had flown. It was afterward found that Koushtchou had been warned of his

danger by the old woman's daughter, who had fallen in love with the bandit."

When neither the life nor the honor of a family is regarded, it may easily be imagined what little respect is paid to the rights of property:

"The usual method of wringing out the impost from the Christian peasants in Bosnia is to tie them up in a small apartment and apply fire to green or half-dried wood until the place is filled with smoke. When the Christian is half suffocated the money is sometimes extracted. Often, however, this fails, for the poor wretch has not sufficient means, and he is left to perish. A short time since a poor widow woman had been assessed by the Turkish authorities of a village in Bosnia, on the Servian frontiers, at a sum which she had no means of paying. She was smoked. This failed of extracting the gold. She begged for a remission, and stated her inability to pay. In answer she was tossed into the River Drina, and after her were thrown her two infant children, one of four years old, the other of two. Before her eyes, notwithstanding her frantic efforts to save them, her children perished. Half drowned and insensible, she was dragged to land by a Servian peasant."

Our author declares that it would fill volumes to fully describe the many wrongs and sufferings of the Christians in that unhappy land. Another of his terrible stories illustrating the way in which Turkey is governed, and the manner in which the rayahs are oppressed, is as follows:

"A short time since the inhabitants of a little village in Roumelia were called upon to pay the taxes, at which they had been assessed by the authorities of the district in which the village is situated. When the principal inhabitants had assembled, they did what probably many others would have done in like circumstances: they rather discussed the means by which the tax might be evaded than the mode of paying it. After many schemes had been suggested, the only means which appeared satisfactory to those who were present was to compel some inhabitant who was not present to pay the whole assessment. In the outskirts of the village resided a Christian peasant, who owned a small strip of ground which he cultivated for his maintenance. He was industrious, and was supposed to possess a hoard of money. Indeed, as he had only one child—a son who assisted him in the cultivation of his rood of land—how could he spend all his earnings? It was evident, so his Mussulman neighbors argued, there must be a store somewhere, and it was resolved that he should be compelled to pay the whole amount at which the village was assessed. By this means it was clear that the claim of the Porte would be satisfied, and the rest of the villagers would be lightened from the burden about to be imposed upon them. The discussion took place in the presence of the *cadi*. He assured the assembly that it was a matter of indifference how the money was procured, provided that it was duly paid to him. After some deliberation as to the best means of wringing the whole sum from one peasant, the following plan was suggested, matured, and finally carried out. It was agreed that the rest of the villagers should seize his only child, a lad of some sixteen years, and imprison him until his father should ransom him for the sum at which the whole village was assessed; and that the *cadi* should suspend the collection of the tax until this means had been tried.

"In order that this functionary should not,

however, pocket the ransom himself, and then levy the tax upon the villagers, a deed was drawn up and witnessed according to the forms of Turkish law, by which the *cadi* covenanted to accept the money thus to be wrung from the parent in lieu of all claim upon the rest of the villagers; to hold the boy in his custody until the ransom should be paid, and to release him as soon as this should be done. It was seed-time, and the lad, wholly unconscious of the plot, was employed with his parents in ploughing and sowing their little piece of ground, when he was seized, carried off to the *cadi*, and, amid the cries of his mother and the entreaties of his father, thrown into prison, with the intimation that he should be released when the money was paid. The village was but ill-supplied with prison-buildings, and the boy was thrust into the small dome, of some six feet square, which covered an unused well.

"Day by day the parents came, but could not weary the patience of the unjust but impassive judge. The only answer which they received was that when the money was brought the boy should be released. The parents were not wealthy; they had no hoard; the supposition of their fellow-villagers was unfounded; they had nothing save the small strip of land which they cultivated for their daily needs. The last thing which a peasant will give up in Turkey is the privilege of being a landed proprietor. The father, who loved his son, clung, however, to his bit of garden-ground, and exhausted all other means of raising the required sum before selling his land. He appealed to the authorities of the district. He was referred by them for redress to the *cadi* by whom the wrong was done.

"Despairing of any other means of delivering his child, the wretched parents now endeavored to collect the money which the *cadi* required. Their furniture was first sold, then their tools and implements of husbandry were parted with. The sum thus obtained fell so far short of the amount required that it was at length evident that the rood of ground, the family estate, must be parted with. This also was sold, and still there lacked a portion of the total sum required. The *cadi* was inexorable and rigidly upright. The government expected so much from the village, and so much must be brought before the lad could be released. At length the last piastre was procured, and the wretched parents hastened joyfully to the *cadi* with the whole amount.

"All this had taken upward of ten months to collect, and for so long a time the poor lad had been subjected to the horrors of solitary confinement, in total darkness, and in a dungeon only a few feet in extent, in which it was impossible to stand upright. The floor, partly of rough stones and partly of mud, was equally cold and damp, and on this he had sat and lain, and lain and sat, for more than ten months.

"On receiving the money the *cadi* assembled the villagers; the deed was recited, the money exhibited, and the legal instrument duly canceled with all the mocking formalities of law. And now the prison-door, or what served for a door, was unbarred to the parents, and they were permitted to look again upon their child. For a time nothing moved within the narrow limits of the cell; the call of his mother could elicit no signs of life in the poor prisoner. At length a bundle of humanity was dragged out; it breathed, it stirred; but these were the only tokens of life which could be seen. Signs of humanity there were none. The limbs had been contracted by cold, wet, rheumatism, and by the crouching posture which the poor lad had been compelled to assume, and he could only crawl on all-fours like a beast. His face resembled a skull covered with dirty parchment, and he was hopelessly an idiot. How long since reason had given way his

jailers could not tell. He was now a slobbering, jabbering idiot. The light, and joy, and hope of his parents' cottage was not merely quenched, it had become a palpable and noisome blackness. Amid the wails of the parents, and the 'God is great' of the persecutors, the crowd dispersed, some cursing more deeply than ever the despotism which rendered them liable to atrocities such as these."

With this narrative our present paper must close, adding only that it must be remembered, in explanation of these atrocities, that in the estimation of the Mussulman the Christian is an "infidel dog" whom it is the duty of the Faithful to hate and smite. The Koran commands the followers of the Prophet to strike and slay the unbeliever; the express and received doctrine of the sacred book permits the infidel to retain life and property only as an humble tributary, possessing both by the good pleasure of the conqueror, who, according to the received canons, "is to be distinguished in the beast he rides and in his saddle, and he is not to ride a horse; he is not to work at his work with arms on; he shall not ride on a saddle like a pillion; he shall not ride on that except as a matter of necessity, and even then he shall dismount in places of public resort; he shall not wear clothes worn by men of learning, piety, and nobility. His women shall be distinguished in the street and at the baths, and he shall place in his house a sign and mark so that people may not pray for him or salute him. And the street shall be narrowed for him, and he shall pay his tribute standing, the receiver being seated; and he shall be seized by the collar, and shall be shaken, and it shall be said to him, 'Pay the tribute, O tributary! O thou enemy of God!'"

FALLEN FORTUNES.

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER X.

A TRUE WIFE.

WHEN we poor sons of men are miserable, we are prone to think that we have reached a depth of distress beyond that which the experience of others has sounded, and approaching the very limit—and even exceeding it, since in despair we often seek refuge in the grave—which human nature can bear. The gentleman who has just been blackballed at the long-desired club; the lady to whom the lord-chamberlain has refused permission to present herself at her majesty's drawing-room; the business-man who finds himself unable to meet his engagements on the morrow; the wife who has just discovered the unfaithfulness of her husband: all these, although suffering such different degrees of woe, imagine that not in the condemned cell of Newgate itself is to be found a mortal so utterly forsaken by the gods as they. It is the poor privilege of the wretched to exaggerate their calamities, and perhaps John Dalton indulged himself in this way like the rest. Yet it is difficult to imagine that that autumn morning dawned

upon a human creature more wholly miserable than he, as he crept down the thick-carpeted stairs and along the painted corridors of Riverside to his own room. Everything about him breathed of wealth and luxury, while every thought within him pictured ruin. Hour after hour, he had sat alone till the cold gray light had broken over the crags of Bleabarrow, but not one ray of comfort had fallen upon him; he had racked his brain for a single gleam of hope wherewith to mitigate the gloom of that confession, which he must now needs make to his unsuspecting wife, and had found none. He had prayed, and his prayer had come back to him, as it seemed, rejected. There are agonies in which the impatient soul demands some visible signs of God's good providence, and, being denied it, it dares to question his existence. There was no help for him, he cried in his exceeding bitterness, in God or man. As for himself, he was ready to own that he did not deserve such help; and, if he had stood alone in the world, he would have taken his punishment, doggedly, perhaps, but without repining or complaint. He was no coward, though in that dark hour (as generally happens) his very vivacity of spirits, quickened by long years of prosperity and success, showed its seamy side, and made him proportionably prone to despondency; but his apprehensions for the fate of those he loved, and whom his folly had dragged down to the dust, were overwhelming.

His delicate and devoted wife; Kitty, with her beauty and expectations; Jenny, prostrated by her illness, and for whom until now everything had been done to prevent even the winds of heaven from visiting her too roughly; little Tony, with his education but just begun, and looking forward to being an Eton boy: each of these pictures, to gaze on which had hitherto been the pride of his life, was now become to him terrible to look upon; and yet, alas! they were living realities. The prospect was not to be evaded or shut out; not one of these beloved portraits could he turn with its face to the wall.

As he drew near his dressing-room, his step fell more lightly on the carpet, and he turned the handle of the door very softly, lest his wife, who slept in the next apartment, should be disturbed. His intention was on no account to waken her, but to suffer her to sleep on until her usual hour for being called, when he must needs tell her his ill news. It would be the last sleep free from care that she would ever have; and as for him, there was small chance of his losing consciousness of his woes even for a moment. To his surprise, however, on entering his dressing-room, the window-curtains of which were of course closed, excluding the dawn, he perceived a strong light under the door that communicated with the next apartment. At the same moment he heard his name called in those dear accents the sound of which had hitherto been ever as music to his ear. Now, they only evoked a shudder. Without trusting himself to answer, for he was sensible that he had lost control over his own tones, he summoned up a smile, and opened the door. To his great distress, he found that Mrs. Dalton had not retired to her couch, but was

sitting in her dressing-gown, awaiting him—as she had doubtless been for the last six hours.

"My dearest love, how can you be so imprudent?"

He was careful for her health at all times, and there was an especial reason for her taking care of it for the next few months to come; for the moment, he only thought of that, and not of the sad burden of woe which he had come to share with her.

"I could not sleep, dear," said she, tenderly, "until I had seen you, and heard from your own lips what it was that has troubled you so."

Here, as it might seem, was an opportunity of gently breaking to her his terrible news; but no sooner did it present itself than his courage failed him. "What hurry was there, after all, to introduce this innocent and unsuspecting creature to irreparable calamity? He had made up his mind, indeed, to do so that very morning, but it now struck him that there was no need for such great haste as that. The blow, indeed, must fall, but it would not do so immediately, and it was his duty to prepare her for it by gradations. Any sudden shock to one in her delicate situation might have a serious effect, and was to be avoided. Though death was sweet to himself, because of the evil that he had wrought her, he shrank from contemplating it—miserable though her life might be—in connection with her.

"My darling, you alarm me beyond measure: to lose your natural rest, is to do yourself, just now, a serious injury. My news, whatever it be, might surely wait for the morning."

"I must know what it is, John, I must indeed," pleaded she; and she rose from her chair, and placing a thin white hand upon each of his shoulders, looked straight into his eyes. "Do not tell me it was the election only. Have I known and loved you all these years not to know better than that? Thank God, you are well!—in health at least—and the children are well. If I had not had them under my own eye to-night, I should have thought, when I looked upon your face, that there was something amiss with them. What else, John, can have happened to so change you?"

"To change me, Edith? I flattered myself my manner was much the same to-night as usual. But it is quite true that something has happened to trouble me."

"Then it is a mere money trouble?"

"It is a money trouble, but a very severe one."

"Thank God, thank God, it is no worse!" said Mrs. Dalton, fervently. "That nothing of blame or shame could be laid to your door, I knew; but I was apprehensive—I always have been—that your connection with Mr. Holt might lead you into some painful position. Your reference to him in your letter of this morning made me uneasy. None of us like the man: we are only women, moved by instinct, and not by reason; but since such a feeling was common to all three of us—"

"There seemed something in it, eh, my darling?" observed Dalton, finishing the un-

completed sentence. He found his task much easier now than he could have hoped for. What his wife had said was strangely consonant with his own recent thoughts. He knew that Holt was no favorite with her or with the girls, but he had no idea that they entertained any such suspicions of him—unreasonable, as she herself had said, yet suspicions which he shared. In her case, however, he did not wish that they should be corroborated; it was better she should feel he had been ruined by his own folly than another's fraud, even if there had been fraud. "I know nothing against Holt's honesty, my dear," continued he, gravely. "But I did not wish you to speak to him about the election, lest you should have heard something from his lips which should be told only by my own. It was most essential to me, as I thought when I wrote that note, to succeed at Bampton; my credit—by which I mean my commercial importance—would be seriously affected by the result; but now all that has sunk into insignificance in the presence of an overwhelming calamity."

"You have lost your fortune, John!" Her tone was grave, but very soft and gentle, and there was a smile of content upon her face, very strange to see at such a time.

"Yes, dear, I have—God help me! every farthing of it."

"But you have not lost us, John; I am still with you"—her voice trembled a little, but she went bravely on—"and the dear children."

"Yes, darling; it is on your account and theirs—not on mine, God knows!—that this has unnerved me; that the burden seems more heavy than I can bear."

"Then let us help you to carry it; what is heavy for one is light for four. The girls are old enough and wise enough to bear their part. What is the loss of money when love is left?"

"Edith, Edith! you know not what you say—you have not pictured to yourself what ruin is. Did you not hear me say that I have lost my all?—and, Heaven forgive me, *your* all also!"

She sank down in her chair, for her limbs had failed her, still retaining his hand within her own. "I did not understand," said she, in a faint voice; "God help us!"

"Even she, devoted as she is, cannot image to herself," thought he, "my fatal folly, and forgive it; such a baseness as I have committed is inconceivable to her innocent and unselfish nature. I am condemned by the sole judge to whom I could have looked for mercy." How wrong he was, how little he knew her, notwithstanding that he loved her so! When we stand before the judgment-seat of Heaven itself, we may know—I trust we shall—a diviner pity, but here on earth there is no such unstinting fount of ruth and forgiveness as the heart of woman.

"Pardon me, dear John," were her first broken words; "the weakness has passed now; and I feel as befits your wife. Yes; and I would not change my place to-night, this moment" (taking his head within her hands, for he had cast himself upon his knees at her feet, and hidden his face in an agony of remorse and shame), "with that of

any woman in this world, no matter how rich—how prosperous! And I love you, John, better in your poverty and your ruin than I have ever loved you yet; and I will be true to you, and be your help—as help may be in me—and so will Kate and Jenny."

Then she broke down. She could have borne all herself, but the thought of her children, and what they would have to bear, was too much for her mother's heart. Husband and wife mingled their tears together—bitter tears of self-condemnation in the one case, and of tenderness and pity in the other. "Hush!" said she, for a man's grief who has not shed a tear since childhood is always loud; "Jenny is a light sleeper," and she pointed to the door that led into the room of the invalid. "Now, tell me all about it, John; I can bear to hear it much better than I can bear to wait. I know the worst; how can it hurt me, then, to know the shape in which it has come? Nay, it's idle to talk of rest, of sleep; I pray you, tell me."

So, sitting hand-in-hand, John Dalton told her all, omitting only his suspicions concerning Holt.

She listened attentively—asking a question calmly here and there, when she required some matter of business to be explained—to the bitter end.

"Then, if the bad news about the mine should not be confirmed," said she, "our affairs would not be so desperate?"

"They are already confirmed, Edith; do not, I beseech you, indulge in any hope on that head. The mine was a swindle from the beginning."

"Yet Mr. Holt persuaded you to invest in it?"

"Certainly; he thought it a genuine thing and a very good thing; he purchased shares largely in it himself; that I know of my own personal knowledge."

"And yet he sold them afterward?"

"Yes; but at a high premium. If I had followed his advice, I am bound to say I should have made money by it. I had taken—I don't know why, unless it was from what he had originally told me—a fatal fancy to the investment."

"And to whom did Mr. Holt sell his shares?"

"I don't know; it was doubtless done through a broker, and he may not even know himself. Why do you ask that question?"

"From ignorance, my dear. I understand no more of such matters than our little Tony."

"Poor boy!" sighed Dalton, despondently. The mention of his son brought keenly to his mind that sense of ruin which this discussion about the *Lara* had for the moment diverted from it.

"Well, darling, we must look about us," said Mrs. Dalton, cheerfully, "and plan what is to be done. A man of your talents, who has got so many influential friends, need not surely long remain without some lucrative employment."

John Dalton had had some experience of place-hunting, though not upon his own account, and he knew that in that description of sport the "blank days" were many, and that those even of the most skillful hunts-

men who "find" at all are few. The humiliation of beggary would be terrible to him, and how often would he have to beg and be refused!

"There are the Skiptons, you know, darling; they have always been such friends of ours, and Sir William, who is in the ministry, would surely exert himself for your sake."

Her husband shook his head, as though he did not entertain much hope of assistance from that quarter. Sir William, although he was the attorney-general, was a dull man, and Dalton more than once expressed his opinion to that effect—of course in the politest possible manner—when they chanced to differ. Their families were very intimate, but the men themselves were as opposite as the poles, and had no very high opinion of one another. Twenty-four hours ago it would have seemed as impossible to Dalton to have asked a favor of Sir William Skipton as to pick his pocket; he would not have done it had he been starving. But the question now was whether he could bring himself to do it, to provide bread for his children.

"Then there is Cousin Tatham, John; I am sure he has always expressed the highest admiration of your talents."

Poor Dalton winced at this. Lord Tatham, a distant relative of his wife, was a venerable nobleman, who enjoyed a certain insignificant appointment about the court; and though, from his appearance of wisdom and gravity, he might have sat upon the wool-sack to represent the lord-chancellor in his absence, he was, in fact, a nonentity—a mere stuffed personage, with a bag-wig and sword. He was, it is true, always talking about his patronage, but it was only the appointment of the royal footmen that lay within his gift.

While Mrs. Dalton thus imagined to herself that the court and the ministry would both be interested in her husband's favor, he himself was rapidly reviewing in his own mind all the really possible chances that were open to him, and they seemed few indeed. He had friends, it is true, upon whom he could rely for sympathy, and even, perhaps, for material aid—though in a shape which, even now, he could not conceive himself capable of accepting—but they were men of his own style and character, genial, agreeable fellows, but who had, with few exceptions, never sought to burden themselves with the duties, and therefore the privileges, of office. He felt that they could have nothing to give him in the way of employment. He had a slight acquaintance, indeed, with a minister or two besides Sir William, but he had always attached himself to the other faction in politics, and it was unreasonable to expect that his late attempt upon the virtue of the borough of Bampton, though it had failed, would recommend him to their good offices.

Nothing very practical, indeed, came out of the long discussion that took place that weary morning concerning future ways and means between husband and wife, yet Dalton found an unexpected solace in it.

He had never before taken Edith into his confidence upon the state of his affairs; and her sagacity and common-sense, wherever her knowledge of the grounds upon which to build was equal to his own, surprised him.

We do not give the angels such credit for aptitude for worldly wisdom as perhaps they deserve. Mrs. Dalton's views were, doubtless, sanguine; she had much more confidence not only in her husband's friends, but in his own abilities, than he had himself; but if sympathy is not help, it is next akin to it, and hope begets hope; and before their talk was over, Dalton was certainly in a less despairing mood than he had been some hours ago.

Though his wife had suggested much, she had stipulated but one thing—namely, that their misfortune should, if possible, be kept from the knowledge of their children until their return to their own home.

"Let them enjoy themselves for the few days that remain of our visit here, John; it will be easier to break this news when we are all together under our own roof; nor do I wish, unless you see any good reason to the contrary, that our host and hostess should learn what has befallen us while we remain their guests."

It was out of the true mother's heart, we may be sure, that the first advice was given; but of the source of the second I am not so certain—perhaps it was a little womanly pride. Her connection with the Campdens had always been on equal terms, and she shrank, though the change must needs come sooner or later, from its being placed on another footing. Or, perhaps, she thought that Julia would not prove the most sympathizing of friends at such a crisis.

To both conditions Dalton would have willingly assented, but he feigned objections in order to gain compliance, by giving way, with a stipulation of his own—namely, that Edith should retire to rest for the little time that now intervened before her usual hour for being called. To this she was with difficulty persuaded, and presently, worn out by watching, and weariness, and woe, she fell asleep.

As the daylight struggled in, and lit up her delicate, wan face, as it lay beside his own, a new fear crept into his aching heart, and mingled with its other tenants. Suppose that his faithful and beloved companion should perish in her coming trial, and leave him *alone* in the dark days to come! The thought was agonizing, but only in consonance with those which already beset him. That worst at which, when we have arrived, it is said that "things must mend," he felt was limitless in evil. There are times when poor humanity rejects the smooth prophecy, "Heaven will never desert me so utterly as to suffer this to happen or that;" but, with sickening fear, expects the utmost cruelty of Fate.

THE ORPHEUS OF OPÉRA BOUFFE.

UNDENIABLY the most popular composer of the day is Jacques Offenbach (the putative if not the actual father of *opéra bouffe*), who is coming over to attend the Centennial. Certain strait-laced people may think he ought to blush, though I fear

he does not, for some of his children, who, it must be confessed, are not patterns of all the proprieties. These are greatly liked, yea, intensely enjoyed, nevertheless, by ninety-nine hundredths of the civilized globe. They are favorites with Jews and Gentiles, Christians and Mohammedans, Buddhists and Parsees. Their mad pranks and rollicking melody are laughed at and eagerly listened to from Boston to Buenos Ayres, from Paris to Paramaribo, from San Francisco to Stamboul, amid the sterility of Scandinavia and on the fertile plains of the East.

Essentially French as Offenbach is in mind and spirit, his present body first appeared in Germany; the place being Cologne; the time June 21, 1819. He bitterly regrets his German nativity, and, since the humiliating defeat of the Gallic arms, he has loudly advertised his regret. He is reported to have said, in his jocular way: "I have never quite understood why my mother should not have gone to the nearest French town, instead of bestowing me on the city of Cologne. If she had not the money to make the journey, I would gladly have sent it had I known her circumstances. She might easily have informed me; for certainly at that time I was not very far off. Her conduct on the occasion was hardly maternal. It must have been of small consequence where she became a mother; but it was of great consequence where I became a son. It is extremely unjust in any woman to give birth to a boy without asking him where he chooses to be born."

The story goes that he has often contemplated changing his name, because it so unmistakably proclaims his origin. The probability is that he never thought of it until the late war made everything German hateful to him. And then he had acquired such reputation that to change his name would have been like sacrificing a noted trade-mark. He is too shrewd to throw away a financial advantage to gratify any prejudice he may have about his patronymic.

Offenbach was very early removed by what he must regard as special good fortune to French soil, to the gay capital which he constantly declares the only place fit for an artist to live in. From fourteen to fifteen he was a pupil of the Paris Conservatory, and from that time until he was seven-and-twenty he studied hard, but gave himself at frequent intervals the liberal relaxation young men in that seductive city are wont to take. He had a congenital talent for music, and he has always cultivated the talent zealously. Very poor in his youth, he exhibited an enthusiasm for money-making as soon as he could command the opportunity. The theatres he unremittingly haunted. He was personally acquainted with all the leading actors and actresses, singers and musicians, and with many of the subordinates, before he was out of his teens. He was much liked by them, too; for he was of a cheerful spirit; he had a fund of wit and humor, with a faculty for satire and epigrammatic statement that is ever grateful to the Parisian mind.

This anecdote is told of his musical skill: He was, as usual, behind the scenes of one of the theatres on a certain evening, when

the leader of the orchestra announced to the manager that the violoncellist had not appeared, and that the hour for the overture had come. Neither the leader nor manager knew what to do. While they were cudgeling their brains to supply the deficiency, young Offenbach offered his services.

"But," said they, "you don't know anything of the violoncello. The overture depends for proper effect largely on that instrument. The audience is critical. Any mistake would be detected, and ruin the whole."

"How do you know I should make a mistake?"

"Your entire performance would be a mistake. Nobody ever heard you say before that you could play on the bass-viol. This is one of your jokes. You want to put off one of your tricks on us; and this is no time, young man, for tricks. What shall we do?"

"Accept my offer."

"Go to the devil!"

"No; it is you who must do that. I am the devil, willing to help sinners in their direst need. Come to me, and be saved!"

"Parbleu! Who was ever saved by the devil? Who goes to the devil is certain to be d—."

The upshot was that Offenbach took his place in the vacant seat; having promised, if he found he could not follow the score, that he would confine himself to dumb show.

The overture began. The leader and manager were on tenter-hooks of expectation. Jacques drew his bow like a veteran; his skill was masterly. At the conclusion the audience gave him a round of applause. He rose and bowed his thanks. When his extreme youth was perceived, another round greeted him, and he quitted the orchestra tingling with gratified pride.

The manager threw his arms about the musician.

"Why didn't you tell me you were proficient on the violoncello?"

"I didn't know how I should succeed. Besides, genius is modest, and hasn't time to mention all its gifts. I don't wish to advertise my excellence. I prefer it should be discovered."

After the performance he played very cleverly on nine or ten different instruments, not one of which his friends were aware he had any knowledge of. This shows how diligently he had studied, and what pains he took at that time to hide his acquirements. Modesty had overcome him. Since then he has completely overcome his modesty. If he should be accused of it, any intelligent jury of his countrymen—provided they had juries in France—would acquit him of the charge without leaving their seats.

When he was twenty-eight, he was appointed leader of the orchestra in one of the classic theatres, and he was delighted to obtain the place. It was the beginning of his good luck, he said, and it has never deserted him since. In that position he composed a number of pieces, the first of them being a sort of musical embroidery wrought on the "Fables" of La Fontaine. Some of these, like "The Crow," "The Cobbler," "The Milkmaid," "The Ant and Grasshopper," became popular at once, and were heard in all

the fashionable *salons* of the capital. These showed his bent, and their success decided his career. He also quickly developed a remarkable practicality, which has steadily grown with his years. He conceived that he had a genius for management, and, singularly enough, his conception was not born of mere conceit. After divers attempts to get possession of a play-house, he was so fortunate as to secure the privilege of opening the new theatre, the Bouffes Parisiens (this when he was thirty-six), which he installed for the summer (1855) in the Champs-Élysées, and during the following winter in the Passage Choiseul, where it still is.

No manager or composer was ever more dexterous or unconscientious in advertising his wares. He resorted to all the commercial stratagems and chicanery of which American tradesmen and showmen are erroneously supposed to enjoy a monopoly, but which they are often exceeded in by French, German, and English caterers for public imposition. Europeans of such sort may not equal us in enterprise and boldness; but in unequivocal misrepresentation and in smallness, not to say meanness, of contrivance they are altogether our superiors.

Offenbach outdid the acutest "Yankee" in the quantity and ingenuity of his advertising. He covered the dead-walls of Paris with flaming placards; he offered premiums and prizes; he arrested and enforced the attention of the people to his productions and performances. Nobody that was not blind could fail to learn his name, his avocation, and his undertaking. He effused himself into the capital through the agency of printer's ink. He was called a humbug (*blagueur*); but he cared not, for his aim was notoriety and material success, and these he achieved. Not satisfied with his prosperity in one country, he organized (1857-'58) musical troupes and traveled with them, conducting concerts and operas in person, through England and Germany, with great benefit to his purse. Returning to France, he and his musical buffooneries, as they were justly named, were more popular than ever. His theatre was nightly thronged, and echoed to the plaudits and laughter of audiences determined to be amused. He wrote many pieces for the stage, mostly fantasies and extravaganzas, and nearly every one of them found its direct way to the favor of the multitude. In 1861 he produced "Orpheus in Hell" ("Orphée aux Enfers"), which enjoyed three hundred consecutive representations, was much the cleverest of his works, and still holds the stage. Three years later he introduced, at the Variétés, "The Beautiful Helen" ("La Belle Hélène"), and it met with unmeasured acclamation. The very nature of such pieces, the opportunity to burlesque classicism by presenting ancient Greece with modern improvements, and the ceaseless temptation to roaring fun, had quite as much to do with their success as the light, taking, semi-licentious melody sparkling through them. It is hard to preserve gravity when one sees Orpheus in a silk hat, beating a bass-drum, and short-skirted Eurydice disturbing the digestion of Pluto, while smoking his after-dinner pipe, by concussion with her pirouetting feet.

Menelaus buying a railway-ticket from Lacedæmon to Troy, and setting out with a hat-box, a bull-pup, and a green-cotton umbrella, while Ulysses follows on a velocipede, is not the kind of spectacle to add to the solemnity of spectators.

Opéra bouffe is the avowed essence of absurdity, and Offenbach is its most ridiculous and preposterous interpreter. He carried comic opera beyond the boundary of comicality by engrafting upon it the incongruous and irreconcilable. He has made it what it is—a screaming farce, a satire on common intelligence, a compound of sport, dissipation, deviltry, and indecorum, impregnated with sensuous and over-suggestive music. Half of its pleasure is derived, I suspect, from human love of the interdicted. No one attempts to excuse it; but everybody goes to see and hear it. The Parisienne revealed the secret of its popularity when she said: "It isn't nice, but it's very naughty, which is far better. There's a delightful sense of the forbidden in it."

The best of the composer's operas is "La Grande-Duchesse," which has been sung round the world, and whistled by boys of every nationality. It has formed the basis of many of the works of rival *bouffe* writers, and is echoed in later productions of the same author. Sparkling and intoxicating as champagne, we take it with zest in the evening; are tired of it the next morning, its setting and surroundings having been removed; and quaff it with gratification again when the night has returned, with its softness and sentiment, its dreaminess, its spice of evil, and its mysterious power for mischief.

It is difficult to count Offenbach's operas, so steadily has he multiplied them. They may be reckoned by the dozen, and nearly all of them, conspicuously "Les Brigands," "La Périole," "Geneviève de Brabant," "Barbe Bleue," "Princesse de Trébizonde," "La Jolie Parfumeuse," in addition to those already mentioned, have been signally successful in a pecuniary sense. Artistically, they are not very remarkable, nor are they likely to live, for they are little else than prolonged vaudevilles interspersed with the *can-can* and piquant immodesty. The composer has no idea they will yield him immortality, nor is he troubled at their ephemeral character. He says he labors for his contemporaries; that it will be no satisfaction to him for his works to be famous when he is in his coffin; that posterity is a metaphysical audience he does not wish to cater for, because all its payments are made in gravestones.

Offenbach, as may be supposed, has realized handsomely by his works—not less, I have heard, than 5,000,000 francs (\$1,000,000). He has no such sum invested, for he has lived liberally enough to gain the reputation of a spendthrift. This is not just, however. Prodigal as he is at times, he is in the main careful and thrifty, and seldom loses an opportunity to convert any idea he has into napoléons. He loves to make money, and he loves to spend it; but the love of acquisition is stronger than the love of expenditure, which explains the fact that his present property is estimated at from 2,000,000 to 2,500,000 francs (\$400,000 to \$500,000),

and is steadily increasing. He puts by more than he used to—naturally, because he is not far from fifty-seven, and years sharpen the eye to the vision of gold.

The composer is very fond of giving expensive and unique entertainments, to which actors (and actresses, of course), journalists, painters, sculptors, musicians, and *littérateurs*, are always invited. They generally have something theatrical about them, some sort of buffoonery, which is likely to advertise them orally, and redound, soon or late, to the monetary advantage of the host.

Not a great while ago he gave an elaborate dinner at the renowned Café Riche. After the cloth was removed, a curtain was withdrawn at the end of the *salon*, and a beautiful and novel ballet (designed and arranged by Offenbach) was presented, the prettiest and most graceful *dansesuses* in the city taking part. The ballet, which was a surprise, was rapturously applauded, and at the close the goddesses of the gauze skirt came forward, joined the guests, and generously assisted in adding to the revenue of the Widow Clicquot.

At a ball in honor of the artists of the Bouffes Parisiens, the members of that and other companies appeared in the costumes of the different characters the composer has furnished to the stage. Among them was Hortense Schneider, the original *Grande-Duchesse*, who has done so much to spread Offenbach's fame. She was superbly dressed, and looked, it is said, dangerously bewitching. During the evening, the host presented her with a large diamond, that cost thirty-five thousand francs. She was delighted with her present, and threw herself (she is by no means small) upon his breast with such energy, kissing him rapturously, that she nearly carried him to the floor. He laughed, and said:

"You overwhelm me with your affection, Hortense!"

"I wish you, Jacques, to feel the weight of my gratitude," she replied; and he rejoined:

"Never was gratitude presented in more liberal or more lovable proportions."

A few months after the Germans evacuated France, the clever musician ordered a magnificent dinner at the Grand Hôtel in the Boulevard des Capucines. Invitations were sent to a number of Italians, Americans, Spaniards, Englishmen, and Belgians, and all those nations were represented. The majority of those present understood French alone; but speeches were made in each of the different languages, to the infinite amusement of the guests and host, whose appreciation of fun had been sharpened by superabundant wine. Offenbach himself addressed them about two o'clock in the morning in a very comical, mock-heroic vein. He apologized for speaking in a foreign tongue (French), which none of them could be expected to comprehend, and concluded by proposing "the health of the most modest artist, the noblest philanthropist of the age, and the greatest ornament of the Church—the man you see before you!"

The entertainment ended with the execution, on the table, of the *can-can* by the whole company. An American who was

there reports that it required all the next day to remove from the entrance of the hotel the bricks dropped from the hats of the departing, dawn-defying guests.

Jacques Offenbach looks exactly as you might imagine the man to look who has composed "Barbe Bleue," "La Belle Hélène," and "La Grande-Duchesse," particularly when his face is animated. There is something of the accepted idea of Mephistopheles in his visage; a mischievous smile about his mouth; a merry twinkle in his eye, with an accompanying suggestion of licentiousness from within; an expression of jeering skepticism in his nose, and an outgiving of intellectual sensuousness, of voluptuous cynicism everywhere, from his bald forehead to his slender, nimble-moving feet.

JUNUS HENRI BROWNE.

MSICKQUATASH.

NO mystic word is *msickquatash*; it is but an Indian dish, whose mention should make the mouth of Yankee epicures water for its delicious taste. "Msickquatash is the name of a dainty dish of green-corn, beans, and venison," that had its origin among the famed Five Nations—nay, is not its veritable home the green hills of Onondaga, where still its mystic rites are yearly celebrated, where, in August of each summer, when the ears are filled, all the nation assemble, men, women, and children, in the old council-house, there to eat of the dish and to sing of its merits?

We white people speak of it as one of *our* national dishes; in place of venison we put pork, and call the luscious mixture succotash. Let every eater of succotash henceforward remember to whom we are indebted for that toothsome dish. The gustatory succotash is not our only culinary remembrance of the red-woman's skill in cookery; for more than one of our national dishes are ours not by invention, but by adoption from our Indian predecessors.

The "Feast of Succotash" is the red-man's hour. In it he flings to the wind all he has learned of deference and of respect. He grunts contempt of his conqueror; he shrieks his wildest war-whoop in the white woman's ear; he menaces terrified children with his tomahawk; he thrusts his white brother rudely back, as he chants the former prowess of his people in war, and tosses his imitation scalp-locks (made of jute) into the faces of the spectators. We send missionaries to India, while in the very heart of the Empire State we have a band of heathen to whom we pay money for the continuance of their customs. We call ourselves Christians, and yet in two hundred years we have failed to convert a handful of pagans, constantly under our influence and example. While they are no longer warriors, they still are not men of peace, following the pursuits of peace. They no longer hunt the bear, the deer, the moose; for civilization has driven away or exterminated these wild animals. All possess horses; for, next to whiskey, an Indian dearly loves to ride; yet their lands are mostly hired at a nominal rent by some white

man, and they spend their time in idleness much greater than when living in their savage state. From oldest time, tradition speaks of the Iroquois as agriculturists: first, cultivators of the soil; next, hunters; third, warriors—and warriors that they might enjoy in peace the fruits of peace. The famed "Succotash Feast and Dance" commemorated all three of these conditions. Of the six annual festivals of the Iroquois, three were held in honor of corn—were held, did I say? are held to-day; and, as of yore, Onondaga yearly witnesses these ancient celebrations. In the preparation for the "Succotash Feast," all the women of the nation engage. They pluck the ears, tear aside the tender husks and silken threads, and in a caldron-kettle over a fire of logs, whose wide chimney opens to the sky, they cook the feast. Of old a fortnight was given to these festivities; and even now many days are spent in its joyous celebration. One day is given up to entertainment of the white people, and, as if in mockery, Sunday is chosen to catch from them the nimble sixpence with which to buy the prized fire-water.

Old women of the nation, whose hatred of the white invaders is still shown in their refusal to perform the sacred rites in such presence, stand with scowling faces over the kettle, their moccasined feet, beaded leggins, and short, embroidered, silver-trimmed petticoats, fitting well their occupations. With long, black hair loose over their shoulders, bright silk handkerchiefs about their necks, with one hand they adjust their oft-slipping blankets, while the other stirs the steaming food. Little curiosity have they for their visitors: true descendants of those ancient squaws whose suggestions as to torture of prisoners were once eagerly sought, these brown women of the hills care not for the comments of the white lookers-on. Strange anomaly of savage life, these people all have Christianized names; and Cynthia Farmer, true child of white-hating Chief Ondiager (An-ti-an-gur), with fame among her own people as a witch, stands beside "Old Susannah," a pagan of the pagans; near them both sits or stands, as the whim seizes her, "Old Dinah John," a medicine-woman, whose age the census gives as one hundred and one, but whom old settlers declare to have seen at least a hundred and twenty-five years. Old Dinah often weeps as, with her head buried in her blanket, she recalls the time her people were free, and the council-fire burned unchecked upon "the mountain." When young she lived in a bark cabin with two fires upon its floor, and English lords journeyed many hundred miles to take part in council with the sachems of her nation. Now, with wrinkled skin, brown and seared, eyes reddened by age and by the tears and smoke of all these long years, Dinah, regretful for the past, watches the preparations as they go on.

Old Joseph Lyon, bitter hater of the whites, takes prominent part in the dance. His straight, black hair, usually confined in two slim braids, now is allowed to float free upon his shoulders. He is the typical Indian among the Onondagas; his "old-fashioned face," as a squaw of his own nation

described it, suggests an olden picture of savage defiance, stern, unrelenting hatred, and cruelty toward enemies, untempered by any tinge of mercy.

As the day wears on, hundreds of wagons from all the country round bring spectators to this famed "Succotash Dance." The dance with our Indian is the highest form of worship. He looks to the Great Spirit as its originator, and while in it he amuses himself; he also deems it adoration of the Divine Being, though admitting of more and less holy forms. The "War-Dance" is rather a patriotic than a religious dance, and is the one indulged in at the "Succotash Feast."

Small amount of costume is demanded, and, as the braves take their place in the centre of the council-house, the eyes of a modest spectator involuntarily close, but the sudden war-whoop ringing through the building opens them on a scene of mad fury.

A fringed waist-cloth about the loins, anklets of bones around the leg, immense horns upon the head, scalp-locks floating down the back, slashes of vermilion paint widening the mouth, extending from the corners of the eyes, bedaubing the cheeks, and, intermingled with blue in half-moon shape, representing epaulets, outlining the ribs, presenting the appearance of ghastly wounds, are among the styles of decoration.

This dance was borrowed from the Sioux, though the Iroquois boast of twenty-six indigenous dances, among which the "Feather-Dance" holds the highest place, and is regarded as of the most sacred, religious character.

The large council-house is a long, unpainted building, standing on the site where once stood the bark "long house," in which were held so many famous councils of olden time, and under which, as sacred ground, lie the bones of the famous prophet Con-yat-e-le. Its walls are lined with benches, like an old schoolhouse or country ballroom, upon which the non-participants seat themselves. Near one end stands an old-fashioned box-stove, and at the other is a wide fireplace, whose open-throated chimney has carried off the smoke from many a pagan orgy. This fireplace seems under control of the older squaws; in it swings an ancient crane supporting a huge caldron-kettle, from whose contents an appetizing odor fills the air. At an early hour this savory mess is put to cook, and, as it approaches completion, the dance begins.

Eight or ten chief warriors, one by one, approach the building in what white people call "Indian file," which is the true Indian line of march. The first one enters, tomahawk in hand; from his head rises a crown of turkey-feathers; down his back this ornament extends, the feathers gradually lessening in height till their termination midway to the floor; about his waist are strings of wampum; dashes of red and blue paint supply the place of other clothing. Close upon him a second appears, from whose waist-cloth a long cow's-tail depends, and on whose head two immense ox-horns are fastened. A third, his face so smeared with vermilion that scarcely a spot of original color is seen, tosses his head as he comes in, rattling the bone necklace about his throat. A fourth follows close

behind, from whose knees and arms swinging deer-hoofs clash at every step. Close to the hair of another a circle of vermillion runs, representing the track of the terrible scalping-knife in its ghastly rounds. The variety of wild disorder shown in the adornments and movements of this dance is well conducive to their intended effect.

Thus they enter and take their places in the centre of the building; no two are alike in their paint and ornament, but, if one carries the palm of repulsive diabolism in look beyond another, he of the ox-horns is the one. The dance begins. The only ancient martial music of the Iroquois was the war-whoop. Its prolonged, defiant scream, ending with a sudden, sharp, explosive yell of triumph, was in itself enough to destroy courage in the foe and make the boldest quail. In this dance are pictured all the wild scenes of the stealthy march, the sudden surprise, the onslaught, the capture, the torture, and death of prisoners. A slow and guarded movement is almost instantaneously followed by rapid springs, which set in motion all the adornments of beads and bone worn by the dancers; the long cow's-tail strikes the floor, or flies into the very face of the spectator as its wearer leaps in the air or whirls about in the dance. As one tires of his mad dance, he darts to the succotash-kettle, where, with a convenient gourd-ladle, he dips and eats, eats and dips, till satisfied.

Many odors besides those of msickquatash now fill the air. The violent dance has sent perspiration reeking from every pore of its performers; the dust of the room fills the air, mingling with fumes of tobacco and many noxious scents. The loud song of the dancers as they chant the memory of olden prowess, though now in a forgotten tongue, seems to fill with pride the hearts of their dusky descendants; men hold their heads higher, and women withdraw their attention from the food as they turn their gaze upon the dancers. No ruder or more uncultivated savages are these than were the ancient Britons in the time of Julius Cæsar; and, as we look upon the scene, we wonder what civilization their descendants may show when eighteen hundred more years shall have rolled their round, and brought to the world ten thousand new inventions, and in every land spread abroad the triumphs of that gospel of peace which shall yet make of all mankind a brotherhood of nations.

WEEDS.

I LEAN across the sagging gate;
In rough neglect the garden lies,
Disfeatured and disconsolate
Below these halcyon skies.

O'er pleasant ways, once trimly kept
And blossoming fair at either verge,
Weeds in rank opulence have swept
Their green annulling surge.

Order's pure wisdom they have crushed
With riot feed in rude disdain.
Like some gross rabble they have rushed
On beauty's bright domain.

But over them, as though in soft
Memory of bloom that no more blows,
A rose-bush rears one bough aloft,
Starred with one stainless rose!

Above these weeds whose ruffian power
So coarsely envies what is fair,
She bends her lightsome dainty flower
With such patrician air,

That while I watch this chaste young rose
Some pale scared queen she seems to be,
Across whose palace-courtyard flows
The dark mob, like a sea!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MR. HOFFMAN, our ex-governor, has been delivering a lecture on municipal government. He declares that the only remedy for the evils that prevail in our larger cities is concentration of power and responsibility. Our readers will bear witness that we have frequently uttered the same opinion in these columns. If we could establish a municipal government after our own heart, we should abolish in one fell swoop boards of aldermen and councilmen, commissioners, departments, mayors, and the whole complex system by which, in New York at least, all things are left undone, and substitute therefor a single board of five or seven men, elected at large, with special powers vested in the president thereof. We should adopt a system by which one man would have it in his power to give us good government, and we should then see to it that he did his duty. The theory in the past of our country has been that a system of checks is necessary; that we must have numerous departments and many officials, each of which is to act as a check upon the other, so as to prevent abuse of power. The operation of this plan has not prevented abuse of power, while it has most successfully negated everything that ought to be done. We have shifted about a good deal in the selection of persons for our various offices, but we have not in the least reformed or improved the administration of affairs—excepting in the single one of peculation. We are not now robbed so freely as heretofore, but we are not in the least better served. We have had good men for mayors and good men for the heads of departments, but the poverty of the treasury, united with distribution and uncertainty of power, has rendered them unable to accomplish needed reforms. Our streets are no better paved and no better swept than before; our wharves exhibit the same dilapidation and disorder; our sidewalks are occupied in the same shameless manner by traders with their samples; our curbstones still retain their ornamental array of ash-boxes; the old disregard by drivers of

the rights of pedestrians is as potent as ever; the lack of watchfulness as to details, consideration for the comfort of the people, neglect of a hundred minor matters, make up to-day the same aggregate of slovenly disorder and general discomfort that prevailed in the past under the worst of our administrations.

All we want of a city government is to preserve the peace and keep the streets and wharves in order; and, although these duties involve many details, there is no need of cumbersome, complicated, and pretentious organizations for the purpose. There must be centralization, or else no will exists anywhere to enforce the execution of duties; and there should be direct and recognizable responsibility—so that the people, knowing who has the power, may be able to hold him answerable for duties unperformed. If we could only see New York in the hands of a committee of capable merchants for a few years! They could do nothing without power—nothing if they were to be harassed by captious officials, checked by obstreperous commissioners, thwarted by the courts, and forced generally to give their whole time to a contest for the mere right to do; but, with very moderate authority, definite as far as it went, the revolution they would be enabled to bring about would be delightful to see—and they could bring it about, it is certain, without the infringement of any man's just rights.

We imagine we see the unsightly telegraph-poles, the appearance of which in our streets is a presumption that ought to be fiercely resented, coming swiftly down; we dream of insolent venders driven to conduct their trade within the precincts of their own premises, and not upon the public highway; we think of public hackmen forced to be decent, respectful, and honest; we see the well-constructed pavements, that give their soil in unknown hours of the night to the busy scavengers; we give, in imagination, a joyous farewell to the vanishing ash and garbage boxes (it might be asked, however, why government should any more be called upon to carry off the ashes and garbage of the household than to transport its coal or its vegetables); we see, as in a vision, admirably-arranged and well-kept wharves, which, being the first sight to greet the stranger on landing, impress him at once that he is entering a city where immense industrial activities are supplemented by good and efficient government.

Why, in the name of all that is inscrutable, is it that our present vast, elaborate, costly, and pretentious system, with its army of officials, can accomplish none of these things? How infamous it is that a city which is gaining a splendor from private munificence few cities can equal, must labor under a permanent weight of official no-administration! Let us, by all means, have centrali-

zation—a change in our methods such as will sweep into the sea the whole of the rotten disorder of the past, and place our municipal administration upon some simple, practical, and efficient basis.

WE do not quite agree with the assertion by one of our contemporaries that "New York has been singularly indifferent to the Centennial Exhibition." No doubt our people were at first slow in taking the project up; but recent inquiry has given us proof that all those producers likely to be concerned in such an enterprise have secured space, and are busy preparing for ample and creditable display of their wares. All branches of art-manufacture are exhibiting considerable zeal; and the artists, having passed through a slough of discontent, have now secured a recognition from the commissioners that has set them zealously to work.

The remark quoted from our contemporary, however, was pertinent to an effort on the part of certain New York ladies to advance the Women's Department at the exhibition—the one division that needs energetic action to save it from failure. The New York movement in behalf of this department is in the hands of a number of prominent ladies; they have taken hold of it with a will; and he would be a bold man who, in view of past efforts of this nature by American women, should venture to doubt the success of the effort. It is characteristic of the feminine mind that, when aroused to any purpose, it concentrates all its energies upon the task; and it is another characteristic that, upon these special occasions, when it bests itself, it likes of all things to show its superiority to slow and unenthusiastic man. Pluck is of itself a very good thing; but pluck with a small savor of spite is simply unconquerable. Our New York ladies, thus stimulated, have laid out a stirring programme. In the first place they hope to raise by subscription some seven thousand dollars for decorations for the Women's Department, a splendid banner to be one of the features, which is to bear the arms of New York and an appropriate motto, the hope being that it will, at the close of the exhibition, be placed in Independence Hall as a memorial of the event. Their next hope is to raise liberal funds for the purposes of the Centennial by a loan exhibition here of Revolutionary relics, and by dramatic and other performances. It cannot be questioned that the New York public will second this patriotic purpose, so that, while our ladies did not, as they should have done, set an early example to the rest of the country in this particular, their success, at least, shall do credit to the city.

In connection with this subject we may mention that our suggestion recently for a

public exhibition next summer of the great pictures in the private galleries of New York has been seconded in several quarters. This exhibition need not be confined to paintings; art-objects, with which the houses of our wealthy collectors abound, could be included. It would scarcely be practicable, perhaps, to unite with it the loan exhibition projected by the associated ladies of whom we have spoken, as this must be in operation almost immediately in order to meet the purposes for which it is organized; but those who organize the first display might be glad to continue their efforts in behalf of the other.

EVERY New-Yorker who has been abroad hungers for the hansom cab. The convenience of it, the comfort of it, the charm of it, make a city without it scarcely endurable. We have rather better omnibuses than the London ones; and our cars on the better routes are well enough when not overcrowded; but the hansom cab is everything to busy citizens or impatient travelers. The qualities that endear it to the affections of sojourners in the great English metropolis are, first, its ubiquitous nature—for a cab in London is always at hand; in the denser parts of the town its numbers are legion, and in the less frequented portions one, apparently, has but to wish for a cab and it will appear in sight. Its next great merit is celerity of movement. A London cab-driver pushes along at a speed that, if imitated with us, would lead a half-sleepy Broadway policeman to wonder whether it wasn't a case for arrest for fast driving. The third great feature of this fascinating outcome of English civilization is cheapness. The assurance that you are certain to find a cab passing your door at any moment, which, for a small piece of coin, will rapidly transfer you to any given point within the city limits, is something eminently consoling, and extinguishes all apprehension of discomfort in locomotion.

Our New York deficiencies in the cab way are going to be painfully apparent next summer, when the tens of thousands on their way to the Centennial Exhibition stop here to visit Central Park, and look at Fifth Avenue and Wall Street. It would be a good thing if we could commemorate the occasion by originating a system of swift, convenient, and low-priced cabs. But the thought, unfortunately, comes too late. Striking as some of our achievements in the way of speedy production are, we could hardly build ten thousand cabs between this and the summer months, even if the plan were determined on and the capital ready. But, if we cannot secure in so brief a period this much-desired accommodation, we could at least do something in the way of civilizing the fellows who now rule from the cab-box the unfortu-

nate people who trust themselves to their mercy. A tariff of prices could be formed, and hackmen compelled to abide by it. The *coupé*, which has increased in numbers recently, is not so bad a cab; ladies, perhaps, would prefer it to the hansom; so let this cab and all others be speedily brought under regulation and control; so that while our foreign friends may justly complain of our town poverty in this particular, they need not also have opportunity to denounce us as accessory to organized swindling.

LONDON and Paris are gradually losing many of the landmarks which have made them interesting as the possessors of historical relics. What the pickaxe spares, fashion seems set on demolishing. The demands of the time for more air, wider avenues, greater convenience and luxury, are hostile to old houses and old streets. It is not long ago that that famous Parisian restaurant, the *Trois Frères Provençaux*, ceased to be; and with it disappeared the most brilliant and elegant resort of Parisian men of fashion of this century. Now we learn that a scarcely less celebrated trysting-place for the *gourmets*, Philippe's, has had to make way for modern improvements. Philippe was a genius in cooking; with his own deft hands he used to make those incomparable *soles Normandes* which were famed over France, and which it was necessary to have partaken of, in the days of the empire, in order to have thoroughly "done" Paris. The elder generation of financiers and merchants, especially, will sadly miss Philippe's; and the loss will be all the greater as there is scarcely a single notable, old-fashioned restaurant left in Paris. The *Maison Dorée*, Tortoni's, and the *Café Riche*, are still extant; but they are not what they were in "the brave days of old."

Two other recent demolitions will be less regretted, though the buildings against which the fiat has gone forth are more gloomily historic than was Philippe's. In order to make place for the new Boulevard St.-Germain, the rickety old mansion where Marat made his lair, and in the bath-room of which he met his death at the hands of Charlotte Corday, is to be torn down; and the dark and barn-like Prison of l'Abbaye, near the Place Gosselin, where the revolutionary tribunal of '93 sat and doomed its victims, innocent and guilty, will soon be entirely cleared away. These places do not bring up pleasant memories, and it is perhaps a happy thing that it has been reserved for another and milder French Republic to do away with them. In the days of the Commune, Marat's house is said to have been made a sort of temple, where *sans-culottes* and *pétroleuses* met to pour out

libations of cheap red wine in honor of the martyred patriot. As for the Prison of l'Abbaye, it has latterly been used as a crockery-warehouse, and was perhaps forgotten by the Communist furies. The beautifying and cleansing of Paris, begun by Haussmann, has been resumed under the *régime* of Marshal MacMahon, despite the heavier debt and the necessity of army reorganization and the restoration of a prosperous financial state. The Palace of the Legion of Honor has been quite restored, and the Colonne Vendôme reërected; and in no long time the Tuileries will resume somewhat of its old statelyness, and the Hôtel-de-Ville become once more the scene of great civic feasts, and perhaps of the meetings of new revolutionary governments.

A WORTHY Scottish divine recently called down upon his head the "anathema maranatha" of the loyal British press by criticising the Prince of Wales for indulging in certain pleasures in India. It is not yet in good taste in Britain to be otherwise than complimentary to royalty. The honorable gentleman who "rises in his place" in Parliament to point out the extravagant items of the Civil List, or to oppose the grant of an appanage to a marrying princeling or princess, knows full well that he is doing a quite unfashionable and rather vulgar thing. Society will not view his proceeding with the least favor; the "court journals"—and the London papers that are not in a sense "court journals" are very few—will either seriously reprimand him or wave him away with a paragraph of supercilious ridicule; and at the clubs he will likely enough be stared at as an uncomfortable and not pleasantly notorious person. So it requires somewhat of moral courage, even in a divine of the boastfully-independent and plain-spoken race north of the Tweed, and one belonging to the decent State Church, to reprove the heir to the crown for witnessing nautch-dances and watching with eager delight elephant and rhinoceros fights.

For the latter cause of complaint it must be said that nothing can be more hideous than the gigantic strugglings and gougings of the Oriental monsters; and that, to say the least, it would have been more decorous in the prince to have left the cruel pastime to the guicowars and nizams, who have been bred to take delight in it. The good Scot's objection to the nautch-dances is less intelligible. He deprecates the prince's presence at them on the ground that they are performed by girls of bad reputation. This is certainly hypercritical, unless it can be proved that the dances themselves are not what they should be. It appears, however, that they are not in any way offensive to the cultivated

taste. They are strange and picturesque, but decorous. They form an almost inseparable feature of Hindoo festivals, and a part of many of the Hindoo religious ceremonies. The best evidence is that they are far more proper than much of the ballet-dancing which is not only tolerated but applauded by highly-respectable people in London and New York. The Prince of Wales can scarcely be expected to require a certificate of good moral character from all who exhibit their skill and accomplishments for his amusement; nor is it easy to see how he sets a bad example to anybody by watching the twirlings and tableaux of the nautch-dancers. If, on the other hand, he pays a visit to Lisbon on his homeward journey, as is proposed, and goes to see the bull-fight which the Portuguese nobility are said to be preparing for him, he will at least afford some ground of complaint, on the score of example, to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Books and Authors.

THERE is enough of movement and adventure in Mr. Monteiro's "Angola and the River Congo"¹ to give life and interest to the narrative, but the book as a whole belongs rather to the literature of natural history than to that of travels. The author spent many years in the country between the river Zaire, or Congo, and Mossamedes, or Little Fish Bay; and he gives a detailed description of its physical geography, animal and vegetable productions, history, geological formation, climate, and of the manners and customs of the various tribes which inhabit it. No portion of Africa, at least no portion of tropical Africa, has been so minutely described; and, as Mr. Monteiro is an accomplished naturalist as well as a keen observer, his book has a distinct scientific value quite apart from any current interest which it may possess.

For the general reader, those portions of the book which deal with the manners, habits, and customs of the natives, will doubtless prove most attractive. Few men have ever lived in more intimate association with the native Africans than Mr. Monteiro, and probably none have seen them under a greater variety of conditions, or subjected their powers and aptitudes to more numerous and diverse tests. Some of the tribes which he visited have been living for upward of two centuries in close contact with Europeans. Others have been partially under the same influence for a similar period of time. And others still had scarcely ever before seen a white man. Of course, he has many strange and curious things to relate—barbarous practices, gross and unintelligible superstitions, *bizarre* customs and habits, and fashions almost as absurd and senseless as our own.

¹ Angola and the River Congo. By Joachim John Monteiro. With Map and Illustrations. New York: Macmillan & Co.

But it is to the conclusions reached by the author that the reader will attach most importance. Before summarizing these conclusions, it should be remarked that, while it is evident that Mr. Monteiro feels kindly toward the negroes, and enjoyed their confidence in an exceptional degree, he is no sentimentalist, and endeavors to see facts as they are, not as we would have them. No doubt the humanitarians, philanthropists, and negro-philists generally, will decry his "prejudices" and "narrow-mindedness;" and perhaps it is well not to lose sight of the fact that Mr. Monteiro was constantly in contact with that worst side of the negro character, which they exhibit in "trade." Nevertheless, they are the conclusions of a man whose opportunities for forming a right judgment have seldom been surpassed, and who is, as his book shows, exceptionally clear-headed, well-informed, and exact in his statements.

As to the negro character, Mr. Monteiro observes that it is principally distinguished not so much by the presence of the positively bad as by the absence of good qualities, and of feelings and emotions that we can hardly realize to be wanting from human nature. The negro knows not love, affection, or jealousy. Male animals and birds are nearly always tender and loving to their females; but Mr. Monteiro declares that in all the long years of his stay in Africa he never saw a negro manifest the least tenderness for or to a negress. "I have never seen a negro, even when inebriated, kiss a girl, or ever attempt to take the least liberty, or show by any look or action the desire to do so. I have never seen a negro put his arm round a woman's waist, or give or receive any caress whatever, that would indicate the slightest love or affection on either side." They have no words in their language indicative of affection or love. Their passion is purely of an animal description; and this accounts for the absence of jealousy and the leniency with which sexual immorality is universally regarded. Even for their offspring they have but little love beyond that which is implanted in all animals for their young. Mothers are very rarely indeed seen playing with or fondling their babies; as for kissing them, or children their mothers, such a thing is not even thought of. The negro is not cruelly inclined—that is to say, he will not inflict pain for any pleasure it may cause him, or for revenge; but, at the same time, he has not the slightest idea of mercy, pity, or compassion, for suffering. A fellow-creature or animal writhing in pain or torture is to him a sight highly provocative of merriment and enjoyment. An animal not belonging to him might die a thousand times of hunger and thirst before he would think of stirring a foot to give it either food or drink. He is not vindictive. He may be thrashed within an inch of his life, and not only recover in a marvelously short space of time, but bear no malice whatever, either at the time or afterward. But if bad treatment is not resented, no benefit or good, however great, done to a negro, is appreciated by him. "Such a thing as gratitude is quite unknown to him; he will express the greatest delight at receiving a present or any benefit, but it

is not from thankfulness; he only exhibits the pleasure he feels at having obtained it without any effort on his part." In the same way his constant want of truth and his inviolable dishonesty are the result not so much of a vicious disposition as of the incapacity to understand that there is anything wrong in being either a liar or a thief:

"To sum up the negro character, it is deficient in the passions, and in their corresponding virtues, and the life of the negro in his primitive condition, apparently so peaceful and innocent, is not that of an unsophisticated state of existence, but is due to what may be described as an organically rudimentary form of mind, and consequently capable of but little development to a higher type; mere peaceful, vegetarian, prolific human rabbits and Guinea-pigs, in fact; they may be tamed and taught to read and write, sing psalms, and other tricks, but negroes they must remain to the end of the chapter."

Such being his opinion of the native African, it may be imagined that Mr. Monteiro holds propagandist missionaries in slight esteem. He affirms that not only have all attempts to civilize the negro by purely missionary efforts been a signal failure, but that, so long as missionary work consists of simply denominational instruction and controversy, as at present, it is mischievous and retarding to the material and mental prosperity of Africa. He denies emphatically that a single native has been converted, otherwise than in name or outward appearance, to Christianity or Christian morality. Missions, he thinks, will continue to be fruitless as long as they are not combined with industrial training. "That was the secret of the success of the old Catholic missionaries in Angola; they were traders as well, and taught the natives the industrial arts, gardening, and agriculture."

As to the slave-trade, the author remarks that, "repugnant and wicked as is the idea of slavery and dealing in human flesh, philanthropy must be debited with an amount of unknowing cruelty and wholesale sacrifice of life perfectly awful to contemplate, as a set-off against its well-intentioned and successful efforts to put a stop to slavery and the known horrors of the middle passage, and subsequent ill-treatment at the hands of the planters." He states, as the result of long observation, that there is no cruelty or hardship attending the condition of slavery in Angola and the greater part of the rest of tropical Africa. "A stranger set down in Angola, and not aware of the existence of slavery, would hardly discover that such an institution prevailed so universally among them, so little apparent difference is there between master and slave." The slaves sold for shipment were partly the surplus slave population sold off under the pressure of famine; but by far the greater number were supplied by the effect of their laws, almost every offense being punishable by slavery, to which not only the guilty party, but every member of his family, was liable. Death was the only alternative, and since the suppression of the slave-trade a "great slaughter" has been going on in a large part of Africa. Whereas, formerly, transgressors against law and custom were sent to the coast to be sold to the white men and ex-

ported, they are now simply murdered. If a famine overtakes any part of the country—a common occurrence—the slaves are taken out and knocked on the head to save them and their masters from starvation.

The only possible way to put an end to this awful bloodshed, now that Africa has no way of getting rid of her surplus population, is to introduce among the natives the arts and industries of civilization, and to develop commerce. But as this would necessarily require long periods of time, Mr. Monteiro suggests that a more speedy method would be "to organize an emigration scheme, under the direct supervision of the several governments who have entered into treaties for the abolition of slavery, and transport the poor wretches, now being murdered in cold blood by thousands, to tropical climates where they might earn their living by the cultivation of those articles necessary for consumption in civilized countries." Their constitution would enable them to resist the climate, and they would gradually become civilized, which they never will under the influences by which they are now surrounded and held in bondage.

MRS. CORA KENNEDY AITKEN sends us all the way from London a volume of "Sonnets, Songs, and Stories." We wish, for Mrs. Aitken's sake, that her poetry resembled those wines which are improved by a sea-voyage; for it possesses qualities which, with a little mellowing, would entitle her to a high place among the minor singers in what Mr. Stedman calls "the general choir." It shows sensibility, imagination, earnest feeling, the true lyrical fire, and a good deal of skill in picturesque description. What it lacks are finish, evenness, facility of expression, and, above all, that power of discriminating between what are and what are not proper subjects for poetical treatment which is so essential a part of the equipment of a true poet, and which is the first lesson that versifiers should set themselves to learn. About half of Mrs. Aitken's work in the present volume has been thrown away by reason of the radical defectiveness of the themes on which she has bestowed it. The first thirty-one sonnets, for instance, are directed against certain phases of American life, and may be credited with the best intentions, but no amount of rhyming can convert such a mixture of patriotism and piety into poetry. Indignation against the tendency of American politicians of the baser sort toward cheating and stealing is a perfectly right feeling, and may be expressed on proper occasions and in an appropriate way; but, while the Muse of History may feel some interest in the matter, neither Calliope nor Thalia will ever be induced to give it any attention. We may add that Mrs. Aitken's familiar way of referring to God—his likes and dislikes, his wishes, songs, speeches, curses, etc.—is to the last degree irreverent, and not seldom borders upon blasphemy. Dogmatic theology is another subject which cannot safely be used even as an aid to poetic feeling, much less substituted for it. Montgomery made the attempt, and brought

far greater powers to the task than Mrs. Aitken can lay claim to, yet his success was hardly of a sort to tempt literary aspirants.

With these drawbacks, however, the book contains much that is good. The ballads, in particular, are of a high order of excellence, and it may be said that in every instance in which the author has drawn her inspiration from Nature, history, or legend, rather than from ethics, the result is enjoyable. Few modern legendary ballads are better than the "Legend of Verona," "The Bandit's Story," and "A Story of Tours," though the latter is nearly spoiled by the superfluous bit of subjective transcendentalism at its close. Unfortunately these are all too long to quote, and Mrs. Aitken is not prolific of those gems and phrases which are dear to the heart of critics. We shall try to find room for a portion, at least, of one of the descriptive poems, in which, if we mistake not, the tone or spirit of the old cathedral city is very successfully reproduced:

IN YORK.

- "Adrift in the sunlight the autumn wind mourns
Through the ripe orchards' rosy, luxuriant bending;
Let us go past the hedges of blackberry-thorns
With wild roses blending,
Across the arched bridges where softly below
The pale river moves with a murmurous-flowing
'Twixt shadowy banks where the long rushes grow
And sweet winds are blowing;
Along the close streets of the city so quaint,
So divinely o'erbrimmed with the sound of the
 swinging
Of bells in brown towers, whose musical plaint
Around us is ringing.
Then on to the square—here erect in the shade
The solemn cathedral stands up like a warning,
And calls with its wonderful voice from the dead
At evening and morning.
The broad, vaulted aisles are so still we can hear
The silences bend through the loneliness listening
To the eloquent brasses that burn at our feet
With holy signs glistening.
The church is so dark that the sun looking in
Among the stained windows to list to the praying,
Seeing only the motionless worshippers lean
To inaudible saying,
Falls tremblingly over each monument stone,
And moves like a dream o'er the meek, saintly faces,
With halos above them that softly look down
From their sanctified places.
Here ranged side by side, disdaining the tomb,
Buckled spurs and girt armor so stern and so steady,
Lies many a knight in the darkness and gloom,
And many a lady.
O treacherous eyes, through their stony lids pressed
Perchance they can see where mutely we're wander-
 ing;
It may be they're weary of stillness and rest,
Of their ages of pondering!
So close to each other, so white and so grand,
Who knows how they're musing, these grave, quiet
 lovers,
When the old city sleeps and they lie hand in hand
And the night darkness covers!
I dream of their loves and their lives as I kneel
Alone on the steps leading up to the choir,
Of their lives of sweet patience and turbulent zeal,
Of their loves mounted higher.
I kneel with my face 'gainst the huge grated door
Behind which the pulpit leans carved with devices
Of devils that tempt, of saints that implore
From the sin that entices.
I kneel with a prayer on my lips for the dead
Whose hands stretching upward are folded for
 praying;
For the dead whose cold limbs are so heavily clad
In colder arraying—

"For the dead who still cling to the Beads and the Book,

To the crucifix pale, blessed sign of salvation!
For the dead who look into my heart, till the look
Burns with life's inspiration.

"But hark, how the silence is drifting away!
And curious people impatient are coming
All alive from the sparkle and sunlight of day
To death's mystical gloaming.

"O'er the exquisite voices of dreams each by each
They move through the church with a noisy delay-
ing.

Let us go, nor disturb with vain, mortal speech
What the dead have been saying."

Among the miscellaneous pieces is a dramatic fragment, called "A Day in the Life of Mary Stuart," which contains some good passages, but is spoiled by diffuseness. "October in America" is a graphic and picturesque bit of description, suggestive of Bryant; and the "Translations from Victor Hugo" show a considerable degree of skill in reducing the obstructiveness of that untranslatable poet. From a cluster of sonnets in the translations we cull the following:

"My beauteous years took flight, and one by one
Flew upward to the sun.

One fled with joy, and one with hope, and one
With glorious dreams. My spirit, born
To gladsome gifts, worked on of beauty shorn,
With the great golden days behind; as goes
The gleaner, toiling through the fields, who throws
Aside her garments worn for holiday.
But she at evening, singing merrily,
Takes from the scented bushes where they lay
Her hose and ribbons that she dons straightway,
Emerging fresh and beautiful again. Alas!
Our mortal life, this valley dark and sad,
Holds no green bushes whereon as we pass
We find again one day the hopes we had!"

MR. JAMES PAYN'S "Halves" (New York: Harper & Brothers) is a very good example of his characteristic qualities as a novelist. Perhaps the first reflection which it will suggest to the reader will be that Mr. Payn has been but slightly infected with the prevalent fever for "psychological analysis," that he aims to make his *story* interesting as well as his characters, and that he is not afraid to accomplish this by introducing acts and incidents which are, to say the least, outside the experiences of every-day life. He is too true an artist to be sensational in the vulgar sense, and he never goes to the divorce courts for his topics; but he realizes as clearly as Mr. Bunsby that "sometimes things do happen," and that human nature has its abnormal types as well as those normal ones which we encounter at tea-tables and receptions. His use of them, however, is objective and healthy—free alike from morbid mental probings and from unhealthy imaginative revelings—and though the plot of "Halves" includes a suicide, two attempts at murder, fraud, forgery, and theft, it leaves no doubt as to the motives of the author, or the impression which he wishes to leave on the reader's mind.

If Mr. Payn bestows more than the customary pains upon his plot, however, it is not from any inability to deal with character. The leading characters in "Halves" are exceedingly well drawn, and even in the minor personages there is no falling back upon the familiar resource of lay-figures. There is a lifelike air about the narrative itself, and the people who play their parts in it, which, of

course, greatly increases its effectiveness, and makes the exposure of the Raeburn family almost as startling as such a catastrophe would be in our own circle. This lifelikeness, so to call it, is evident to the most careless reader, but it is only when we come to study the various and delicate touches by which it is produced that we do full justice to Mr. Payn's literary skill. The story, for example, purports to be told by an old man as a sort of reminiscence of his youth; and the faithfulness with which the subdued tone natural to such an origin is maintained through even the most exciting portions of the narrative, is as remarkable as it is rare, for the genuine illusion of autobiography is seldom attained in fiction. The only ground of complaint that we have against Mr. Payn is his propensity to send all his adventurers and scoundrels to the United States; though, as the worst of them is reported to have figured conspicuously in "the New York Tammany Ring," we may console ourselves with the reflection that he is now probably sojourning in foreign parts.

It is not often that a collection of sermons contains anything calling for special praise from a literary point of view, but the Rev. O. B. Frothingham's "Beliefs of the Unbelievers, and Other Discourses" (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons) afford a very keen pleasure in the mere reading, whether we agree with the sentiments and conclusions or not. And it must be confessed that one must have freed himself completely from the "fetters of theology and dogma" before he can hope to reach a condition of mental harmony with Mr. Frothingham. Not only is he a Rationalist, but he erects Rationalism into a religion. He insists that religious belief should be emancipated from the despotism of Faith and the yoke of Authority, but he is not willing to have it relegated to the "sphere of emotions," maintaining that, as in science, so in religion, enlightened reason is the sole and sovereign arbiter and judge. The result of applying this standard to beliefs, history, men, and society, is so different from the current opinions regarding them, that to most readers of Mr. Frothingham's discourses he will seem to be amusing himself with paradoxes. Such an impression is transient, however, and it very speedily becomes apparent that the opinions expressed are the offspring of genuine conviction, and that they are capable of remarkably logical presentation. Logic, indeed, is Mr. Frothingham's strong point. His eloquence, while capable of rising at times into a noble and fervent strain, is usually "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;" but the chain of reasoning is luminous and complete, and, as a mere intellectual process, is delightful to follow.

We commend these discourses, not "as food for babes," but as full of suggestion for earnest and thoughtful men.

As was to have been expected, the *Athenaeum's* attack upon Mr. Emerson, a specimen of which we quoted last week, has aroused the wrath of Mr. Emerson's admirers, and Mr. G. W. Smalley, London correspondent of the *Trib-*

une, returns the *Athenaeum* a Roland for its Oliver. "That paper," he says, "is not what it was in the better days of the late Mr. Dilke. It sank fast and far under the editorship of Mr. Hepworth Dixon. It has not risen under its present management. It is not a leader of cultivated opinion on literary matters. The days when it could damn a book or secure its success are past. They might return, but they will not return till the control of it is once more placed in the hands of a man who is both honest and able. At present, the *Academy* is a better paper, better written, equally well informed, and rapidly becoming more influential. But for its advertisements, one hardly need open the *Athenaeum*. Its relations with the publishers, however, make it useful to one who wishes to see their weekly announcements. Its treatment of American books and American topics has attracted attention for a good while past. To say that American books are reviewed in the *Athenaeum* unfairly because they are American would be a grave charge. I refrain from making it in those terms. But one who looked through its columns in search of evidence to sustain such a charge—to convict it of systematic hostility to American books—would find some evidence; enough to justify a suspicion, if not to prove an accusation. He would find more than enough to convict it of incredible ignorance in some matters, and of frequent misstatement; which, indeed, one or two of its 'contemporaries' have lately amused their leisure by pointing out."

THE *Academy* admits that Mr. Stedman's comments upon Swinburne (in the "Victorian Poets") are enlightened and just, but adds: "Yet we could wish that he had touched upon one point that, in our view, distinguishes the author of 'Atalanta in Calydon' from his contemporaries and, with very rare exceptions, from his predecessors: we mean that plenary poetic intuition which seems to transcend perception, to dispense with experience, and to identify itself without any intervening process of intellect with the laws and natures of the objects described. Most great poets attain at intervals to this power. Of Swinburne it may be said that it scarcely ever deserts him. It is the faculty which Keats had, though in a less degree, and which inspired him with the vision

'Of magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.'

To Swinburne things immaterial seem to assume definite shapes and sounds consonant with their nature, and things material, again, to refine themselves into the meanings and influence of spiritual life. He sees as in a trance where objects are rather revealed than contemplated. We should as soon suspect a false note in the chant of the sea as in his verse when he describes it. His state is that of a passive receptivity to the secret workings and affinities of Nature, as distinguished from the voluntary and conscious exercise of observation and inference."

MR. STEDMAN seems to have given a new impetus to the speculations of critics as to the tendencies of contemporary poetry. Speaking of a new dramatic poem, the *Academy* says: "Once more in our own day a movement seems to have commenced to restore this form of poetry. It is to be feared that 'the something that infects the world' still haunts us, and will not permit frank enjoyment of the spectacle of human passions and human follies. We must either have found or have ceased to be in search of a faith—a doctrine on which to shape our lives—before we can heartily give away our soul and senses to delight in the loves, hatreds, jealousies, fears, vanities, whims, of individual men and women presented on the stage."

In Mr. Aubrey de Vere's recently-published "Recollections of Wordsworth" we find that Wordsworth was not sanguine as to the future of English poetry: "He thought there was much to be supplied in other departments of our literature, and especially he desired a really great history of England; but he was disposed to regard the roll of English poetry as made up, and as leaving place for little more except what was eccentric or imitatorial."

It is said that the story told by Mr. Brown- ing in "The Inn Album" is, in its main out- lines, a real one, and that it made a great sensa- tion in London over thirty years ago. We may add that stories equally vulgar and nearly as striking are to be found in the police-reports ev- ery week.

ONE of the London journals having blun- dered into the statement that half a million cop- ies of Miss Alcott's stories had been sold in America, Mr. George M. Towle writes to say that one hundred and fourteen thousand is the correct number.

From Abroad.

PARIS, February 1, 1876.

THE series of articles by M. Jules Claretie in the *Evénement*, on "Alsace and Lorraine in 1875," have been brought to a termination. Those passages which referred to the defeat of Sedan and the capitulation of Napoleon III. contained some new and interesting details. M. Claretie says:

"At the spot where Marshal MacMahon was wounded at the commencement of the action Madame de MacMahon has caused a stone cross to be set up. The place is also marked by a pop- lar-tree, since become celebrated under the name of MacMahon's Poplar. This solitary tree, ris- ing from a brick-field, dominates all the height."

"The emperor came on horseback in this di- rection, but he did not ascend to the crest where- on stands the poplar. At the moment that his horse was slowly climbing the hill, one of his advance officers, preceding him at a gallop, fell mortally wounded."

"There is danger in that direction," then said General de Vassoigne to Napoleon.

"The emperor answered not a word, but turned his horse, and, without haste and at a walk, he returned, silent and overwhelmed, to Sedan. He reentered the town by the Balan Gate. At the moment that he passed the Place Turenne, one of the city drummers recognized him, and was about to salute him. The emperor, perceiving his design, made a sign to him with his hand, as if to say, 'It is no longer worth while.'"

"He directed his course toward the *sous-pré- fecture*. The Germans had already commenced the bombardment. On the bridge of the Meuse, which was somewhat encumbered, a shell, fall- ing on the vehicle of a wagoner, cut the wagon in two and killed one of the horses. Napoleon, who until then had gone at a walk, at once struck spurs into his horse and reached at a gal- lop the *sous-préfecture*, which is at one side to the right."

"There has been preserved, and was lately exhibited at the Louvre, in the ancient Musée des Souverains, the table on which Napoleon I. had signed the abdication of Fontainebleau.¹ It was pierced with little penknife-stabs multiplied with fury by the vanquished uncle. At the *sous-pré- fecture* the nephew covered with pin-pricks, or rather with pen-pricks, a mahogany table. I have seen this drawing-room of the capitulation, and the elegant stage seemed very narrow for such a tragedy!"

"The apartments of the *sous-préfecture* are preceded by a sort of antechamber or hall, which extends from the entrance-door in the guise of a corridor. It was there that the Cent-Gardes were lodged. Trusses of straw had been spread

down for their use. While the battle continued, the emperor promenaded there, silently smoking or rather feverishly lighting cigarettes, which he would barely put to his lips, and then almost im- mediately throw away. Behind him an officer (was it not General Castelnau?) passed his time in treading on the matches to extinguish them, and to prevent their setting fire to the straw. Thus hours passed."

"General de Wimpffen has related that when he presented himself at the *sous-préfecture* that evening, to settle the terms of capitulation with the emperor, he found him in bed. The room wherein slept that night he who had been Cæsar is a very simple chamber, with an alcove hung with red curtains. What must his dreams have been there? The room of the prince imperial was just next to it. The son could hear the fa- ther speak or sigh."

"The emperor was so much agitated on the night of that fatal day of the 1st of September that, having asked for a candle, and the servant having brought one lighted, he said to her:

"And the candle—why have you not lighted it?"

"She did not understand what he meant."

"I tell you to light the candle."

"But, sire—"

"He perceived his mistake and said, 'Par- don, mademoiselle,' and retired to the room with the red curtains."

"The morning of the battle, passing La Marfée with a melancholy air, he had said to a soldier of the corps of General Lebrun: 'Your regiment is not here. You ought to be at Metz.' He thought also that he was face to face with the army of Prince Frederick Charles. Such was the confusion of his sick and troubled brain."

"The most striking spot, however, in this mournfully-celebrated corner of Ardennes is the weaver's house on the Donchery road, the little house where Napoleon and M. Bismarck had that famous interview which preceded the capitula- tion, and which the chancellor of William has described in an autograph letter."

"Small, one story high only, with a modest orchard behind, the house of the weaver is si- tuated to the left of the high-road coming from Sedan, whence one can contemplate the immense panorama of the environs of the city, where the cannon of Bazaine might perchance have ploughed a path through the forces of the enemy had the commander of the Army of Metz tried all means to break through the circle that sur- rounded him."

"If Bazaine had come! But it was not Ba- zaine but the prince royal that hastened thither. Eternal fatality! It is Grouchy who is expected, and it is Blücher who arrives!"

"The room where the emperor and M. Bis- marck were is that whose window opens to the left of the little house. At first the victor and the vanquished conversed together for a moment before the door, each seated on a chair, Napoleon wearing the *kepi* of a general officer, his shoulders covered with a cloak with a red lining, with- out a sword (General Reille had taken it to the King of Prussia); Bismarck booted, helmeted, a sabre at his side. A group of generals conversed in low tones at a little distance."

"In a few moments, perhaps because the air was cool, the two interlocutors wished to enter the house. There are two entrances, one to the right, the other to the left. They took, behind the house, the staircase of the left-hand part, a little, steep, winding staircase of wood. They reached the first and solitary story, guided by the woman of the house; and, opening the door of a narrow chamber situated to the right of the entrance, they shut themselves up there, after making a sign to the woman to withdraw. She remained outside while they talked. Their voices were low. The emperor seemed crushed. It was in this interview that Napoleon threw upon his people the responsibility of the war, which his fa- milials had declared necessary to the interests of the dynasty. A round table covered with oil- cloth separated the two men; placed before the window, their gaze upon the land where death had done its work, they remained, Bismarck at the right of the mantel-piece and Napoleon at the left. On the mantel-piece were some little ornaments of porcelain gilded with German gold, a special metallic composition, so called, and an image representing St.-Vincent de Paul. The two shepherds of men could contemplate the image of one who had never known what it was to shed the blood of others."

"The woman of the house has caused the five gold-pieces that Napoleon put into her hand

when the conversation was over to be set in a frame and suspended against the wall."

"Incredible and ironical as it may seem, this interview of Donchery, which marked the fall of an empire, was destined at the same time to bring an unexpected rivalry into the house of the weaver, formerly so peaceful and so industrious an abode."

"This weaver's house was in reality the house of two weavers, the brothers Fournaise, who worked there in common, both married and both happy. When Napoleon and Bismarck had passed that way, the humble dwelling became on the morrow something like an historical monu- ment. Visitors crowded thither—tourists, trav- elers, Englishmen. Everybody paid to see the room of the interview, and to cast a glance at the five louis left by the emperor and at the image of St.-Vincent de Paul. Some amateurs of his- torical relics even proposed to purchase the five framed gold-pieces, and to pay very high for them."

"They are not for sale," replied the weaver. "And he contented himself with selling pho- tographs of the house."

"All this only profited one of the brothers Fournaise, the one into whose rooms the em- peror and M. Bismarck had entered."

"The house belongs to us both," said the other. "It was by chance that they went up- stairs to the left—that is to say, to your rooms, when they might just as well have gone up the right-hand staircase—that is to say, to mine. Let us share, therefore, the profits of the ad- venture, and let us put into the common purse these new earnings as we did those of our past labor."

"Not at all," made answer that one of the brothers Fournaise who had received the visitors; "it was to my home that they came, and the profits are all mine. Each for himself, and so much the worse for you."

"The women also interfered. Irritation and bitterness arose. After so many years of mutual affection, jealousy divided these two good hearts, and finally brought about a separation."

"To-day a little wall of stones rises in the midst of the house of the weavers, and separates their two abodes." They continue to dwell side- by-side—they must, for their roof is there. But they no longer speak; and the Fournaise who continues to work looks with envy on the Four- naise who can, if he pleases, save money while sitting with his arms folded, only using his hands to pick up the coins that fall constantly into his lap since the war."

"As I was returning to Sedan, my coachman said to me:

"Did you see the five gold-pieces that Na- poleon gave to the weaver's wife?"

"Yes."

"Did you remark one thing?"

"What is that?"

"Among those five pieces of gold there are no two alike. There is one of Napoleon I., one of Louis XVIII., one of Charles X., one of Louis Philippe, and one of Napoleon III.—the last five reigns."

"The last five reigns! Those words struck me. Chance caused Napoleon III., in drawing from his pocket five gold-pieces, to take thence five different coins. Chance has often incredible, ironical, terrible encounters."

"The two pass-words for the guard of the palace of the Tuileries—pass-words settled, ac- cording to custom, a long time beforehand—for the 4th of September, 1870, were—will it be be- lieved?—Soul and Sedan!"

"Why write romances, invent tragedies, seek for the impossible, the astonishing, and the touching, when there exists that eternal tragedy, that incredible romance, that living impossibility called history?"

But enough of quotations, and now for the current news of the day.

From the Comédie Française comes the re- port that Dumas is worrying the life nearly out of the renowned company of that establishment by his alterations and exactions respecting "L'Etrangère." Hardly is a scene studied and thoroughly rehearsed when, *crac!* the author arises with new ideas, new phrases, a new plan altogether, and the work has all to be gone over again. Delaunay has been heard to congrat- ulate himself more than once on his escape from such tormenting toil. Of course, as the piece is

¹ This table is now to be seen at Fontainebleau.—TRANSLATOR.

the first that Dumas has produced since becoming an Academician, and since his admission to the Comédie Française, it is natural that he should be extra particular about it. But these changes and alterations have had the effect of indefinitely delaying the production of the play and of thoroughly disheartening the performers. So anxious is Dumas that no sketch of the plot or report of the characters and incidents of "L'Étrangère" should get abroad, that every actor or actress that is to appear in it is solemnly pledged—some say sworn—to inviolable secrecy respecting all its details.

Sad news from the Grand Opéra. Even its most important institution, the *foyer*, is not exempt from accidents! The fine paintings by Baudry, set among the gilding like so many gems in a golden salver, are becoming dimmed and tarnished by the combined influence of coal-gas and human respiration. It is calculated that in ten years, a less time than it took to produce them, they will all be irretrievably ruined. A project is now on foot to have them removed and copied in Venetian mosaic—the mosaics to be placed in the *foyer* and the paintings to find a place in some public gallery. The great mistake was, it seems to me, in employing canvas for the background of the work, instead of having the walls decorated with fresco-painting. The experience of the indestructibility of this form of decoration, shown at Pompeii and elsewhere, should have taught the architect of the Grand Opéra that such was the only method to be employed in a hall to be exposed to volumes of heated air, to the smoke and foul emanations of the vile Parisian gas, and to the deteriorated atmosphere of a room frequented by thousands of people. But the Bourbons are not the only people in France that never learn anything by experience.

I have recently enjoyed the pleasure of making the acquaintance of M. Bouguereau, the celebrated painter. There are some men of genius that never reveal themselves to the public in their works; others whose productions bear the distinct impress of their personality. Among the former I should rank Gustave Doré. Nothing can be more unlike one's ideal of the creator of the weird and terrible landscapes of the "Inferno" than is the genial, simple-mannered, and almost boyish Alsatian. But M. Bouguereau belongs to the latter category. In his gentle, pleasing manners and peculiarly sweet and kindly expression could be traced the characteristics of his singularly graceful and poetic talent. He is an elderly man, gray-haired and gray-eyed, absorbed in his art and painting, more under the dictates of actual inspiration than are most of his *confrères*. He gives one the impression of a gentle and lovable disposition, and of a nature wholly free from conceit or affectation. I congratulated him on his recent election to the Institute, a signal triumph achieved by him over that rising star Bonnat, and he spoke with evident pleasure of his success, yet with no tinge of vanity or of exultation. He also mentioned with evident pleasure his popularity in America, and seemed thoroughly to appreciate the preference which our art-collectors have always accorded to his works. Another of my recent art-acquaintances, Jules Lefebvre, looks very young, on the other hand, to be the creator of "La Cigole," "La Vérité," and "Chloé;" he seems to be scarce forty years of age, and possesses a fresh, boyish complexion and a thoroughly American type of features. He is said to be a very admirable character in private life, without a tinge of Bohemianism about him. When the war broke out he was at St.-Cloud, in the act of painting the portrait of the prince imperial. That unfinished work was destroyed in the conflagration that consumed the palace. But the artist de-

clares that Napoleon III., sick, feeble, old, oppressed probably by vague forebodings, entered into the war with a sad countenance and a heavy heart. He left the gayety and light-heartedness of the occasion to his minister, M. Ollivier.

Poor old Frédéric Lemaître is dead at last. He was seventy-six years old. The disease that proved fatal to him—cancer of the tongue—prevented him from speaking, or from taking any nourishment for some days before his death. Some one happened during these later days to speak before him of Déjazet. The dying actor looked upward, raised his hand to his voiceless lips, and wafted a kiss into space—a significant and pathetic gesture. He was the last and greatest of the race of melodramatic actors, those who created the great works produced by the romantic school during the first revolt of Parisian genius against the cold fetters of the classic régime. The *Kean* of Alexandre Dumas, and the *Ruy Blas* and *Gennaro* of Victor Hugo, are among the best known of these characters. His *Don César de Bazan*, and his *Robert Macaire*, also remain as unforgotten types. He seems to have been, like Forrest, a strong and sympathetic actor, a man of great genius and power, but lacking the intellect that should have presided over his personations. Outside of the melodramatic and romantic school he could achieve nothing. His *Hamlet*, for instance, was a failure. But it is hard today to speak of his genius, for it belongs so essentially to the past. Few of us in this day and generation have really seen Frédéric Lemaître. He survived his nobler self for many a long year. Twelve years ago, lured by the attraction of his name, I went to see him in "Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life," one of his most renowned personations. He was then but sixty-four, an age at which a man of his exceptionally powerful *physique* should still have retained most of his early gifts. But, physically and intellectually, he was but a wreck. One solitary gleam of the olden fire lit up the long and dreary performance; it was when the aged gambler, after committing murder for the sake of gold, spreads his ill-gotten gains before the eyes of his unsuspecting wife, and tells her what they shall do with it; how they will go to the city, and hire a house, and buy fine clothes, and fare sumptuously every day. "And then," he cries, "then—who knows? Fortune, perchance, will not *always* be unkind!" In that outcry, as of the demon of play that possessed him, the great actor stood confessed.

He lingered on the stage to the very last. Plays were written expressly for him, wherein the leading character was an aged man. Among these was the "Centenaire," known in the United States as "One Hundred Years Old." But for some reason he refused to act in that piece, and the leading rôle was given to another. Only a few months ago he played an engagement at the Théâtre Cluny. Sans voice, sans teeth, sans everything that makes an actor, he came and went like some poor ghost of his own past renown. Unlike the sparkling Déjazet, who retained most of the graces of her talent to the very last, he was but a shadow of the great Lemaître. He died in poverty—it is said in want. The coarse Bohemianism of his nature repelled those who were fascinated by his genius, and so he made but few friends. But now that he is dead, the papers overflow with eulogies, and all the literary and artistic world of France hastened to attend his funeral. The renown that he had outlived kindled into one expiring flash to light his pathway to the grave. Victor Hugo came to touch with his lips the lifeless face (changed by death, it is said, into a strange likeness of his own), to lay flowers on the pulseless breast, to pronounce the last

discourse above the grave. The leading authors and actors of France contended for the honor of holding the cords of the bier. Full fifty thousand people thronged the streets to watch the funeral procession as it passed. And so, before a thronged and brilliant audience, the curtain fell on the long tragedy, so glorious in its opening, so mournful in its close, of the career of Frédéric Lemaître.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE DIFFUSION OF GASES.

THE cause of sanitary science appears to have received a new impulse during the last decade, and at present the literature treating of ventilation, drainage, and kindred subjects, is certainly voluminous, and in some cases of actual practical value. In thus giving a qualified commendation of these efforts in favor of sanitary reform, we must not be understood as deprecating the whole movement. In fact, it is not difficult to conceive of a reign of common-sense so effective as to actually forestall the physician and his doings. But, when that day comes, it will be after men have learned to sift out the grains of sanitary wheat from the chaff, and while remembering that Nature requires obedience to her laws, not forgetting that she has also devised methods of her own for aiding in the operation of these laws, and that there may be too much of a good thing, even though this good thing be defined as "air and exercise." We have known a timid disciple of this sanitary school who, rather than breathe in an atom of carbonic acid in excess of Nature's formula, would sit a whole evening, or during a long car-ride, in a draught from the effects of which a cold resulted far more disastrous in its character than would have followed the breathing in of a few atoms more or less of this dreaded *poison*. The "common-sense," therefore, to which we allude, is that which will regulate our actions after we have learned all that is done by Nature herself, and found that there is an economy in the physical universe designed to favor life rather than threaten it. To the treatises on sanitary science that are designed merely to illustrate and explain these laws of Nature, we commend the attention of the inquirer, satisfied that when there has been learned all that these works teach, the judgment can be trusted to apply the knowledge to best advantage. A work of this order is now before us,¹ and we are prompted to review somewhat at length the chapter treating of the wonderful law of diffusion of gases.

It is possible that many who are well informed as to the laws which govern the circulation of air, and the theory of atmospheric currents, are not aware that there is in constant force a natural law known as the law of diffusion, through the operations of which all gases, of whatever specific gravity, are disseminated and distributed. This dis-

¹ Air and its Relations to Life; being the Substance of a Course of Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution. By Walter Noel Hartley, F. C. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co., publishers.

tribution is not the result of chemical action, but is simply a mechanical process. The following experiment will serve to illustrate what is meant by the chemical union of gases—a union which is the result of chem-



Fig. 1.

ical laws, and the effect of which is to produce out of two elements a third substance differing in character from either of the former constituents. Let two glass flasks of equal size be filled, the one with ammoniacal gas and the other with the vapor of hydrochloric acid; closing the top of each flask with a glass plate, they are inverted, the one over the other, as shown in Fig. 1.

On removing the intervening plates, the two gases rush together with great violence, combining instantly, the result being a white, solid, snow-like substance known as sal-ammoniac, or chloride of ammonium. An analysis of this substance would show that the union had been a chemical one, that is, that the law of equivalents had been in operation, the result being a chemical salt. Now, had these two gases been oxygen and nitrogen, there would have been an interchange of atoms until the equilibrium was established, but no other result would have followed. The oxygen would have retained its identity, as would also the nitrogen, the union being a mechanical one solely. It is impossible to dwell at length upon the special action of this law of diffusion, but that there is such a law has been clearly established, and it may be given as follows: "The rate of diffusion of two gases is in the inverse proportion of their relative weights or specific gravities."

A simple illustration, serving to prove



Fig. 2.

that gases of different gravities do rapidly diffuse and combine, may be shown in Fig. 2. In a glass jar filled with air there is

placed a piece of red litmus-paper. Contact with ammonia would render this paper blue. On the top of a standard placed in this jar rests a porous vessel containing ammoniacal gas. Now, as this gas is lighter than air, it would naturally float above, but the law of diffusion results in its passage downward, and the sign of its presence is the change of color in the litmus-paper.

So much to prove that gases do diffuse themselves in all directions, regardless of their gravities. It now remains to demonstrate, by one or two interesting experiments, the fact that this diffusion bears a direct relation to the specific gravities of the gases—that is, that the rate of diffusion is in the inverse proportion of the square roots of their specific gravities. Placing the specific grav-

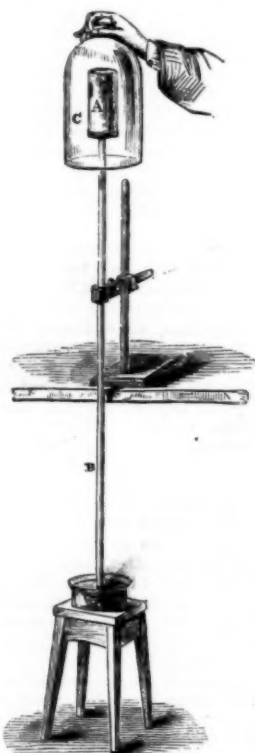


Fig. 3.

ity of oxygen at 16, and that of hydrogen as 1, the hydrogen will diffuse four times quicker than the oxygen; or, if the time be the same, four times as much hydrogen will diffuse out of a vessel as oxygen will diffuse in. In Fig. 3 we have an illustration of the inward and outward diffusion of hydrogen. The experiment may be described as follows: On a tube, B, five feet long, is fastened, by means of an India-rubber ring, a porous cylinder, A, the lower end of the tube dipping under water. By bringing a jar, C, full of hydrogen over the cylinder, the air is driven downward out of the cylinder. If the jar be now removed, the water rises in the tube. The explanation is simple. The hydrogen diffused so much more rapidly into the cylinder than the air passed out that it

caused an extra pressure. On removing the hydrogen-jar, this gas passes again out of the cylinder so rapidly as to cause a partial vacuum.

A second experiment, illustrating the

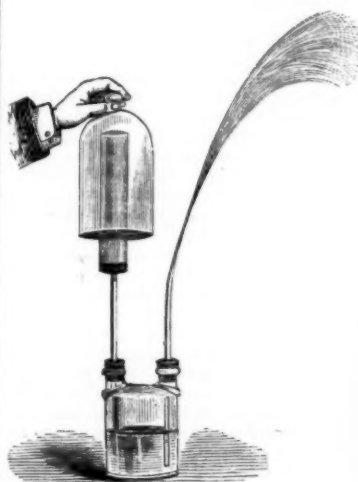


Fig. 4.

same law more plainly, is that known as the diffusion fountain, Fig. 4. In this case the tube leading from the cylinder passes into a two-necked bottle; from the duplicate neck a tube leading from below the liquid terminates in a fine orifice. When the hydrogen-jar is brought over the cylinder, as before, the downward pressure is exerted on the surface of the liquid contained in the bottle, the result being a jet from the second tube, as shown. The special interest of these experiments rests in the fact that they illustrate the operations of a beneficent natural law, and that, so long as this law prevails, there need be no serious apprehension as to the dangers of poisoning by means of noxious gases. It is needful, however that all avenues for the passage of these gases be not closed, but once a passage is open, in whatever direction, Nature will see to it that the proper equilibrium is established.

The character of the changes that are effected under this law, and the proportions of the gases distributed, will be made the subject of future consideration.

THAT fac-similes of handwriting, copies of maps, outline drawings, etc., could be transmitted by means of electric telegraphy, was demonstrated many years ago, though whether the instrument now controlled by the United States Postal Telegraph Company be an improvement on the original device, or a new and distinct invention, we are not prepared to state. An illustrated description of the instrument, by the aid of which a message may be transmitted over a line of wire and appear at the distant terminus in the exact handwriting of the sender, appears in the columns of a contemporary; and, though joining issue with the writer as to its being "a new idea," we are nevertheless gratified that at last methods have been devised for its practical application. That one can write a letter or draw a map upon a card, and have it instantly transmitted and reproduced in fac-simile at the distant office of the

receiver, is a claim bordering on the miraculous; and yet we find that the plan is both sure and simple. Any reader who is familiar with the general principles of the Morse system of sign or dot and dash writing will be able to readily comprehend not only the advantages but the methods of this later device. The following is the concise description given of the new instrument, and the manner of its operation:

First, the sender of a message writes it upon ordinary paper; second, this message, after reaching the operating-room, is laid upon a metallic plate and passed between two friction rollers, which exert sufficient pressure to transfer the lines of writing from the paper to the plate. The transfer may be made any time within ten hours after writing the message. Third, the metallic plate containing the transferred lines of writing is placed upon the semi-cylindrical car which runs upon a railway, and the instrument is set in motion. The metallic plate is a conductor of electricity. The lines of writing, however, are non-conductors. Over the cylinder are carried metallic contact-points upon the revolving arms. Whenever a point is upon the metallic surface, the electric current passes through the car and to the line. The instant a point comes upon a line of writing the connection is broken, and a dot is made at the receiving instrument upon chemically prepared paper placed upon the cylindrical car, the dot being made from a metallic point upon the revolving arms at whatever place upon the chemical paper the recording point may be resting at the moment the current is interrupted at the transmitting instrument. The two instruments operate synchronously—that is to say, the point passing over the cylindrical surface in one instrument is followed exactly by the point passing over the cylindrical surface in the other instrument, both recording and transmitting points always being at the same relative point upon both cars, no matter how distant the two instruments may be from each other at the same time. This is accomplished by an electro-magnetic detent, which checks the motion of the instruments at every half-revolution, but releases them both as soon as both have arrived at the same relative point, so that one instrument can never gain upon the other. At the same time that the points are passing over the cylindrical car the car is moved longitudinally under them, so that they trace fine spiral lines over the blanks, and thus ultimately cover the entire surface of the cars. The synchronous motion is very rapid and perfect. It is made so by the peculiar employment of an electro-motor with appropriate governing arrangements, the motor making sixteen revolutions to one revolution of the transmitting or recording points. Thus any irregularity in the revolutions of the motor balance-wheel is reduced at the transmitting and receiving points to one-sixteenth of what it originally was, hence the perfect regularity obtained. The motor is never stopped or checked in transmission of a message, but continues its motion and storing-up of power in the balance-wheel at the same time that the electro-magnetic detent may be holding the car and revolving arms at a standstill. This is accomplished by a friction-spring connection between the shaft carrying the arms and car and the gearing communicating with the motor. Herein, and in the principle of the motor application, as well as the peculiar operation of the electro-magnetic detent, exists the great value of the invention. What contributes to its popularity is the fact that the message to be sent may be written upon ordinary paper. The transferred message is, of course, in reverse, but it is brought straight again at the receiving instrument by running the instruments in opposite directions. Accompanying this description of the device is the announcement that a company has been formed for the

practical application of the new method. Should the instrument successfully accomplish one-half that is claimed for it, the public may well be congratulated. At an early day we shall hope to announce the success of the initial efforts now being made. In the mean time our readers may rest assured that whatever be the fate of these first endeavors the principle is sound and must at some time be successfully applied. It was in this confidence that we have been led to grant an extended space to the description of the device, to which description we may have occasion to make frequent reference during the coming year.

A CAREFUL survey of the columns of the leading English and European scientific journals results at times in the discovery of facts (?) regarding mechanical and scientific progress in America which are truly astounding. Inventions which have been long adopted, or after repeated trials have been abandoned in this country, are often brought out in England and France, with wise comments on the genius of the inventor and the value of his work. In view of the fact that petroleum is virtually the only illuminating medium used in American villages where gas is not provided, the following note from a recent and leading English journal may be of some interest: "In some parts of the United States," says the *English Mechanic*, "mineral oils are now used instead of gas for lighting the shops, a practice which has, we understand, become the rule in so important a place as Brooklyn. Mineral oil is much cheaper and gives a better light than gas; but it may be questioned whether the Americans are altogether wise in taking advantage of their apparently inexhaustible supplies of petroleum by the rather dangerous experiment of lighting their shops with it." In view of the fact that no efficient method has yet been devised for using petroleum as a fuel, we wonder what our English cousins supposed we were doing with the immense quantities of it that are credited to "home consumption?"

PROFESSOR TYNDALL is credited with the assertion that "spontaneous generation is an impossibility, and that putrefaction and infection would be unknown in an optically pure atmosphere." This opinion was expressed in a recent lecture before the Royal Society, and the author bases it on the fact that when air is rendered optically clear by filtering it through fire, acids, or cotton-wool, solutions which in the atmosphere would rapidly fill with life remain unchanged. So soon as the full text of this paper reaches us, attention will be directed to the line of experimental reasoning pursued by its author, together with arguments advanced by the opponents of the germ theory of disease, and the abiogenists.

SWEDEN is again to be represented in the fields of African exploration by one who has already rendered worthy service in that department of geographical research. It is announced that Gustav Vyllder contemplates returning to Africa during the coming summer, and that he will endeavor to penetrate the unknown regions lying north of the lake N'gami. The African collection which he possesses as the result of his four years' exploration has been deposited in the Natural History Museum at Stockholm. In the event of his death before returning, this collection which is one of great value, is to remain in the possession of the museum.

Of the many journals having for their purpose the dissemination of scientific knowledge, we know of no one more worthy of its aim than the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*. Designed as an organ of popular science as distinguished from the strictly technical journals, it is so edited and compiled as to furnish abundant and valuable information in a concise and attractive form.

Miscellanea.

AN article in the last *Fraser*, entitled "The Truth about the Bastille," derived from M. Ravaisson's recently-completed "Archives of the Bastille," presents many of the facts connected with the famous prison in a light new to the majority of readers:

This was one class of Bastille-birds; the other had quite a different life of it; they were like debtors in the old Fleet, with this great additional privilege, that the king paid for their food, and right royally considered that a man who is shut up requires to be better nourished than one who has his liberty. Three bottles of wine a day, including one of champagne, three good meals—soup, *entrées*, a hot joint, and dessert—these were their daily rations. No wonder some, when set free, petitioned to be taken in again; while others, arranging with the governor to live on simpler fare, and to share the savings with him, often took away a nice little sum when their term was over. Then they had skittles, billiards, and tennis, just like gentlemen outside. To understand the difference in their treatment we must consider who a good many of them were; they were persons of the very highest "quality." Thus, though the laws against dueling were very strict, noblemen would fight; no ordinary tribunal could touch them, for they were nobles, each theoretically with power of life and death in his own hands; so they were sent to the Bastille. But of course they must not be dealt with like low heretics; the very object of their being put into the Bastille is to keep them from the degradation of the ordinary tribunals. For instance, the coach of Marquis Villequier runs into the coach of the Duke of Elbeuf in a narrow Paris street; their lackeys fall to blows, and the masters soon get out and join in the fray. Villequier is Bastilled until the "marshals of France," who had the jurisdiction in such cases, decide that it was no duel, but only an accidental meeting. The Knight of Grancey, again, thinking Mademoiselle de Nonant would make him an excellent wife, carries off her and her mother, and forces the daughter to marry him in his father's château. Her family complain, and a *garde du corps* is sent to order the ladies to be set at liberty. The knight's papa, Marquis Grancey, refuses; but, to show that he is a loyal subject, he goes back with the officer and puts himself in the Bastille. The king is so touched that he issues letters of grace confirming the marriage. Such cases are merely noblemen's jokes. Here is something more serious. René de l'Hospital, Marquis of Choisy (sad that such a man should own so honored a name as that of l'Hospital), treats his serfs so shamefully that the *curé* of one of his parishes preaches about his conduct. The marquis, with two of his pages, waylays the *curé*, catches him as he is walking home with a farmer, kills the farmer, and stabs the *curé*. The poor man falls to his prayers, but my lord "stops his jaw" by breaking it with the butt-end of a musket. He then makes his horse kick him as he lies on the ground, and lastly runs his sword through his ribs. The clergy take up the case, and the murderer is brought before the Paris Parliament; but, before the trial can come on, his family, a very powerful one, get an order for putting him into the Bastille. After he has been in there a few days he is let out armed with "letters of acquittal."

This was how the Grand Monarque understood justice about the year of grace 1660. But the prisoners were not all heretics or nobles; in minor matters it was not the big fishes only who

were caught. A grocer cries out against the monopoly of whale-oil; he is sent to the Bastille to improve his views of political economy. An architect's son won't take orders, in spite of his father's wish; he is Bastilled to give him time for reflection. The deputies from half a dozen big towns petition, groveling on their knees in the royal presence, that their old franchises may no longer be set at naught. The king treats them kindly enough, and orders his council to look into the matter; but, since no one but the *intendants* had a right to bring things before his majesty for discussion (see a similar restriction in Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan"), he sends them for a few weeks to the Bastille, to show them that "discipline" must be maintained. . . .

Louis XV. let anybody and everybody reign for him; and toward the end of his life, under the rule of the infamous Du Barry, there was a plan reminding us of that which honorable M. P.'s used to act on when we middle-aged men were very little boys: I mean "franking letters," signing their names every morning, that is, in the corners of ever so many blank folded papers (envelopes as yet were not), which somebody, perhaps the butler, used as often as not to sell before post-time. Just as we had our blank forms of letters for the post, prepaid by this device of franking, so the French had their blank forms of *lettres de cachet*; and these were always to be had for twenty-five louis. Anybody with twenty pounds in his pocket could buy the king's sign-manual, fill in the name of his enemy, and get him put away from among men. Well might the Court of Aids, in 1770, indignantly protest that nobody was safe, for "nobody was great enough to be safe from the hatred of a minister, nor little enough to be below that of a tax-farmer's clerk." . . .

The Bastille helped to bring about the Revolution. But that is no reason why "the sovereign people" should be made out such wonderful heroes for capturing it. They managed to cut the chains of the drawbridge, and then walked in. The story of their dead falling in heaps high enough for their surviving comrades to mount the wall is of course a "myth." So is all that was written at the time about the wretched state in which the prisoners used to be kept. There were generally a few Morins "lost" in solitary confinement, whose lot no doubt was very hard, and out of whose sad circumstances the tales of the liberators regarding the seven whom they actually did release may have been evolved; but the great majority lived in very comfortable quarters, kept up their games in a way to excite the envy of outsiders, and fared sumptuously every day at the king's expense. It was not the regulations of the Bastille which did the mischief; it was the lawlessness of the mode of punishing.

An article in *Blackwood* on Lamartine closes as follows:

When all other inspiration fails, the inspiration of home never fails him. Whatever he may be elsewhere, at Milly he is ever a true poet. This is the highest praise we can give to Lamartine. His longer poems are monotonous and cloying; his poetical romances of a mawkish and unwholesome sweetness. But on his native soil, in the homely house of his mother, all objectionable qualities disappear. He loves the skies which overarch that dear bit of country; he loves the hills and the fields because they surround that centre of all associations; and in his companionship with Nature he is always tender and natural, seldom exaggerated, and scarcely ever morbid. His shorter strains are full of the fresh atmosphere of the country he loved; and the sentiment of pensive evenings and still nights, soft-

breathing, full of stars and darkness, is to be found everywhere in the gentle, melodious verse; not lofty or all-absorbing, like the Nature-worship of Wordsworth, but more within the range of the ordinary mind, and quite as genuine and true. Had he been content with this, and not aspired to represent passion of which he knew nothing, his fame would have been more real and more lasting. He was such a poet as the quieter intellectualist, the pensive thinker loves. He could not touch the greater springs of human feeling; but he could so play upon the milder stops of that great instinct as to fill his audience with a soft enthusiasm. Some of his prose works reach to a profounder influence; and those readers who remember, when it came out, the "History of the Girondists," will not refuse to the poet a certain power of moving and exciting the mind; but this work, and the many others which preceded and followed it, have little to do with our argument. They are poetical and exaggerated prose, and have no claim to the higher title of poetry.

If his adoration of love is sometimes sickly, and his sentimentality maudlin, and the ideal world he framed a narrow and poor world, filled with but one monotonous strain of weak passion—it is at the same time a pure love which he idolizes, a virtuous ideal, which, according to his lights, he endeavors to set forth. And in his fugitive pieces there dwells often the very sweetness of the woods and fields—a homely, gentle atmosphere of moral quiet and beauty. It is for these, and not for the exaggerated poetical maundering of his larger poems, that his name will be remembered in the world.

The poet's first connection with the Provisional Government is referred to:

In the midst of his manifold productions, however, there happened to Lamartine such a chance as befalls few poets. He had it in his power once in his life to do something greater than the greatest lyric, more noble than any *vers*. At the crisis of the Revolution of 1848, chance (to use the word without irreverence) thrust him and no other into the place of master, and held him for one supreme moment alone between France and anarchy—between, we might almost say, the world and a second terrible revolution. And there the sentimentalist proved himself a man; he confronted raving Paris, and subdued it. The old noble French blood in his veins rose to the greatness of the crisis. With a pardonable thrill of pride in the position, so strange to a writer and man of thought, into which without any action of his own he found himself forced, he describes how he faced the tremendous mob of Paris for seventy hours, almost without repose, without sleep or food, when there was no other man in France bold enough or wise enough to take that supreme part; and ended by guiding that most aimless of revolutions to a peaceful conclusion, for the moment at least. It was not Lamartine's fault that the empire came after him. Long before the day of the empire had come, he

had fallen from his momentary elevation, and lost all influence over his country. But his downfall cannot efface the fact that he did actually reign, and reign beneficently, subduing and controlling the excited nation, saving men's lives and the balance of society. We know no other poet who has had such a chance afforded him, and few men who have acquitted themselves so well in one of the most difficult and dangerous positions which it is possible for a man to hold.

The *Daily News* of London, commenting recently on Burns, *à propos* of his birthday, uttered the following:

A distinguished person is reported to have observed lately about the sport of curling that it did not seem very amusing, and certainly led to the consumption of a great deal of malt-liquor. Most English-speaking men, and almost all English-speaking women, take much the same view of Burns. He does not appear very amusing reading, and he certainly does encourage the consumption of malt, and, indeed, of other liquors. They have not the energy to read Burns, as they do Goethe, with the dictionary. They might turn up Jamieson and find out what *cranreuch* is, what *skeigh* and *abeigh* may mean, learn that gowans are not, as Mr. Micawber fancied, something to drink, and, in short, might come to understand some exquisitely spirited, sincere, and natural verses. But the dialect repels them, and something over and above the dialect. They are tired of hearing Aristides called the just, and of the praises which it is a point of honor with an energetic race to heap on Robert Burns. There is no doubt at all that Burns would be less famous had he not been a Scotchman. The Scotch are a people distinguished in most fields of practice, and in philosophy they can boast the greatest of moderns born in Britain, David Hume. But it can hardly be said that the gods have made them poetical. Set aside the names of Scott, Thomson, Burns, and the crowd of nameless peasants who composed the unexcelled body of popular ballads, and you come at once to people like Hogg and Tannahill. Therefore Scottish patriotism has concentrated its forces in the praise of a real, a lofty, and lonely singer, whose "perfidious genius" was truly Scotch, whose humor, and tenderness, and scorn, were qualities peculiar to no one race. Being lonely among his own people, his own people have praised him with exceeding zeal. Burns has great allies and a powerful backing of more than three million sworn defenders in every generation. And how hearty, how careless of the paltry local jealousy of the Southrons is their eulogy! Consider Mr. Carlyle, for example, and his opinion of Keats as contrasted with Burns: "The whole of poetry in such cases as that of Keats consists in a weak-eyed, maudlin sensibility, and a certain vague, random tunefulness of nature." Who can reply to such a criticism? what Englishman can stand up to an assault preceded by such a slogan?

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